

JOHN GEDDES on the Chrétien follies | ANN DOWSETT JOHNSTON on the university crunch

# Maclean's

Canada's

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## WENDY'S STORY

A horrific accident. A devastating brain injury.  
An Edmonton woman's courageous struggle  
to reclaim her life. BY KATHERINE MACKLEM

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# This Week

June 10, 2002 98 315 98 21

DEPARTMENTS

<b>2 Editorial</b>
<b>4 Letters</b>
<b>9 Overture</b>
<b>14 The Week That Was   Passages</b>
<b>22 Canada</b>
<b>26 Cover</b>
<b>33 History</b>
The legend of a Victoria Cross winner is kept alive by volunteers.
<b>33 Essay</b>
<b>40 Canada and the World</b>
The escalating dispute between India and Pakistan raises nuclear fears.
<b>44 Business</b>
Angry subscribers to U.S. satellite TV are gearing up for another court fight.
<b>49 People</b>
<b>50 Sports</b>
So much for the "Olympic effect."
<b>53 Health</b>
A procedure changes diabetics' lives.
<b>56 Television</b>
A producer's star has less on Canada at war in Korea.
<b>58 Film</b>
Canines starved beauty in the ranks.
<b>61 Entertainment notes</b>
Ben Affleck does Tom Clancy
<b>COLUMNS</b>
<b>12 Over to You</b>
<b>21 Peter G. Newman</b>
<b>48 Gerald Cox</b>
<b>54 The Back Page</b>



24 COVER

## **WENDY'S STORY**

In 1987, attractive, outgoing Wendy Matheson suffered a severe brain injury in a bizarre highway accident. Michael Katherine Macklem, a cousin who has known Wendy since childhood, charts her remarkable struggle to reclaim her life.

## FEATURES

**22 Losing his grip?** Battered by an escalating ethics scandal, Jean Chretien lashes out at Paul Martin and his followers, besetting an atmosphere that now colours almost everything that happens in the Liberal government.

**36 The crisis in quality** When the baby-boomers headed to university, Canada made an enormous investment in their education. Why are we cheating their children?

**50 Talking to The Man** in Toronto last week, golfer Tiger Woods—the world's most famous athlete—sat down with *Markwatch* to discuss the method and motivation behind his dizzying competitive and commercial success.



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removals. However, a 40-100% fiscal deferral scenario (Scenario 2) would significantly reduce the number of households at risk of homelessness through the Homelessness Prevention Program (HPP) and the Homeless Individuals and Families Program (HIFP), but would not eliminate it.

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**ROGERS**

Manchurian | June 30, 2007 | 8



# From the Editor

## Countdown, by Chrétien's clock

In the mid-1990s, an acquaintance who worked for a senior cabinet minister in Ottawa faced a wrenching decision. His interests told him that after years invested in politics, it was time to move on. The dilemma was straightforward, as he put it one day over coffee: "When everything goes well, I don't want to leave— even though it's better to go on top." On the other hand, he added: "When things go badly, it's a lot less fun to go to the office—but that's precisely the wrong time to quit."

Say hello, Jean Chrétien—or perhaps goodbye. It's easy to see the similarity between the choice facing my friend and that of the PM: in the marketplace, your record of success doesn't matter nearly as much as how neatly you've achieved them. But when it comes to make too much of that comparison, my friend was looking for a good new job—which he got—and a graceful exit—which he achieved. As for the PM, there's no job held longer than the one he holds now. Instead, his primary considerations are his place in history, and how the timing and circumstances of his retirement will affect that.

Until recently, there hasn't been a more boring or overplayed story than the speculation concerning the PM's future. Say the for the Canadian ranks were mildly predictable. If we learned, for example, that the world was to end in the next 48 hours, the headlines in most newspapers would probably be something like, "Chrétien to be gone at PM." We've heard discussion of his pending departure almost from the day he took office in late 1993—and through it all, he and Paul Martin, his partner in ramrods, have maintained a relationship that, while hardly warm, has been very effective.

But more weeks have made clear that, for the first time, the centre isn't holding. There's an old adage in politics that when

people start laughing at you, you're gone. The same fine applies when the chattering classes—civil servants, media types and business leaders—start running the leadership. Access to the highest level of power, after all, is an essential component for those who claim influence themselves. Now, those same people do care—they're concerned about the PM, by appearing to underestimate the level of public disgruntlement with political patronage in such blatant form, or doing too much damage to the same institutions and values they represent. One such sign came at the 30th anniversary dinner party in Hall last week of the Institute for Research on Public Policy, the country's most influential think-tank. In front of a blue-chip audience of the business and political elite, Gordon Robertson, a legendary civil servant who advised four different prime ministers, remarked that three of them had stayed too long in office—and added that he thinks that Chrétien "will make the wrong decision." You heard it here, straight from the beltway.

It's

the PM is for some likely to leave when times are good, and it's clear he hasn't pushed. What isn't clear is when—or if—he'll have that option again.

We had good news last week regarding Maclean's. A study by the Print Measurement Bureau, the independent body that measures magazine readership, showed that since 13 million Canadians over the age of 12 read the magazine regularly (with 98,000 subscribers), we average 6.1 readers per copy—and, in a year when readership fell at many magazines, ours increased by 7 per cent. We're grateful

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## Strained relations

"The new isolates" (Cover, May 27) is a well-written, thought-provoking article that showed both sides of the very sensitive issue in the Middle East. As a born-and-bred Canadian, I have no ties to the region, yet I am deeply affected by the recent events there. What haunts me most, however, is the way U.S. President George W. Bush's "you're either with us or against us" policy has spilled over into our Israeli-Palestine debate. To say that you disapprove of the treatment of Palestinians by the Israeli government is now tantamount to anti-Semitism and support of the suicide bombings. Expanding this approach of the effects of suicide bombers and other subversive Palestinians is now tantamount to supporting Saudi policy and ignoring the rights of Palestinians. When will we learn?

Perhaps when families and Palestinians lay down their arms and turn to those who work for peace. Perhaps when both sides acknowledge and take responsibility for their own behaviour. Or perhaps not until all human beings get it through their thick cranians that we're all in this world, working together, no matter what our skin colour, religion or personal beliefs are, and when human life is worth more than a mere piece of land.

**John Adams, Ottawa**



I think maybe all of us could use a refresher course on exactly why racism is bad. The problem lies with any group thinking it's inherently better than another. That includes Arabs and Jews, blacks and whites, men and women, gay and straight. Sir Winston Churchill, American and Canadian. Nope, no exceptions. Any group a group goes together, claims itself better than the other guys and demands a forced expression of solidarity or shun from its members, it contributes to prejudice in general.

**Danika MacEachern, Sydney, N.S.**

**My grandfather** was a member of the infamous Black and Tan auxiliary force in Ireland for a few months in 1920. My wife's family is Catholic Irish. If our family had carried their Old World hatreds to this country we certainly would not have been happily married for the past 33 years. Throughout Canadian history, people have come here for a better life including personal freedom for all and the opportunity to be and do whatever they feel and imagine allows you. This country will eventually become what people are escaping from if they carry their hatred baggage here. Don't forget your culture, but forget the hate.

**Brett Lyon, Guelph, Ont.**

## Global conspiracy

**Ok, dear,** Annie Barbeau has left observable reality and joined the U.S. paranoidocracy in outer space, bearing the depressingly familiar chime of global anti-Semitic conspiracy—which to her is anti-Jewish, but these are not nearly the same thing ("The new evil empire," Barbara Amiel, May 27). My goodness, does she really think a bunch of wacky left-wing liberals under UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan are out to make war on the Jewish diaspora? What absolute nonsense. This sort of panama is as something one expects from the absurdly wealthy, not investigating columnists. She asks, why is the UN critical ("hostile" in her inexact terms) of Israel

## Hockey rules

Unlike Peter Kent, I find the music of *Hockey Night in Canada* music to my ears ("How I unglued the CBC," The Back Page, May 13). At this time of year, I walk down with the CBC on the road to the Stanley Cup, and I continue to watch CBC news, suffering the pain of pre-empting with good humour. I agree with Kent that the CBC needs new vision, but that is where our view diverge. I expect my CBC to compete for the right to cover professional and amateur sports and to find high-quality news, historical and educational programmes important to our national (small-s) psyche. My CBC does not complement private broadcasters; Mr. Kent is correct with, and deserves, them.

**Barry Greenstein, Vancouver**

foreign policy? Perhaps because Israeli governments have consistently ignored UN Resolution 242, calling for a withdrawal from illegally occupied territories. No mystery there.

**Simon Jacobs, London**

The urgency of Barbara Amiel's column should not be lost on any of us who recognize the intolerable state of anti-Semitism throughout our world perpetuated by organizations such as the United Nations. The parochial views held by the United Nations in regard to the survival of Israel as a nation are contrary to its original mandate and truly vested in its skewed prejudicial resolutions against Israel. As Israel poses out to those who are not already severely biased, the jadedness by which Israel is now being judged on the world stage for the defense of its people and democracy is both unreasonable and obviously indefensible.

**Ben Kewell, Toronto**

It's hard to tell where Barbara Amiel's narrow ends and the illegal occupations begin. How can the FLQ crisis be compared to the intifada? Can anyone even imagine tank-explosive mines in Montreal? And so insanely whorish about not having the star of David on ambulances while durantarian to abide by one UN resolution after another in pure mind-boggling.

**Sophie Hébert, Montreal**

## The Mail

## Immigrant exploitation

The essay by Rudolf Gerlach, "Open the gates wide" to immigration (April 26), should not go unchallenged. The brutal realities of Canadian immigration policy are a disgrace to our country. We seek three types of immigrants, not so much out of charity or goodwill, but to enhance the luxurious lifestyles of our high-income citizens. The first type of immigrant we seek is the highly qualified scientist and professionals, educated by their home countries' enormous cost. Such immigrants represent a huge saving for Canada. The second type is the skilled technician, technician and tradesmen, again sought at great savings for Canada. Relatively unskilled workers, eager to do jobs that need to be done, but that able-bodied Canadians on welfare or "internephay" are un-willing to do for low wages, are the third type. A majority of Canadians have an almost insatiable thirst for more material goods and luxurious lifestyles. Low-cost immigrants contribute significantly to the

ever-luxury incomes of those enjoying luxurious lifestyles. As a fiercely proud Canadian I am sickened by our rampant greed at the expense of the countries from which most of our immigrants come.

**E. B. Murray, Edmonton**

## Power to the people

I thank the many Allan R. Gregg should not be titled "Wake up, Canada" (Essay, April 8), but rather "Wake up, Canadian government." It is critical that the federal government realize it is working for the public. The longer Canada operates with a government that does not care, the greater the disconnection between them and the people.

**Sandra West, Ingersoll, Ont.**

## The art of business

How uploadid to see David Thomson's passion for the arts featured so prominently in your article noting his ascension to power at Thomson Corp. ("Fernandes

child," Cover, May 6). I noted that this passion, which he considers fundamental to his business ability, was firmly rooted in his early opportunities for meaningful arts experience. I hope that when he and others think about supporting the arts, they will remember the young people who have had access to deeply engaging arts experience. Donations to programs that bring artists into contact with young people across a broad spectrum of society could have a profound impact on many lives.

**Monique Capley, Ottawa**

## Prohibition madness

"First man, now drug" (History, May 13), the story of how running and drug smuggling off the East Coast, shows that we must have been there and we were no better now. Why else would we tolerate a law that seeks to punish people for what they choose to ingest? We may as well just people off to jail for eating Rice Krispies or having B.O.

**Rick Mandel, Victoria**

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## The Mail

### Time to intervene

Barbara Amitel sees bad behaviour as code word for hasley Media have an obligation to account occasionally for the hatred, a place of daily scorekeeping. Consider elongated Palestinians, bearing traditional Muslim hospitality to Jews, falling subject in less than four decades to occupation and military suppression by an immigrant Jewish British Balfour Declaration of 1917 supposed a Jewish homeland, provided that the civil and religious rights of non-Jews were not affronted. Under the British Mandate (1920 to 1948), which fostered Jewish immigration, the Jewish population in the region then called Palestine grew proportionally from less than 10 per cent to more than 30 per cent (to almost 700,000) when independence was declared. The once-secret Jewish army brought Israeli occupation and control by 1967 to present conditions where 5.9 million Israelis dominate more than half the number of Palestinians who live in Israel and the occupied territories or are dispersed to neighbour states. Europeans and North Americans with anti-Semitic gait should now promote an intergovernmental mandate to sponsor separate and secure attachment for the two communities.

James Park, Charlottetown

### J. Alfred Chrétien

Judith Timson writes in "101 uses for an ex-FW" (The Back Page, May 27), "Yeah but what about the rest of us? We grow old, we grow old, we will wear the blemishes of our relaxed joints rolled." It is the double-roles J. Alfred Prufrock of T. S. Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* who reflects, "I grow old... I grow old... I shall wear the blemishes of my rounded recall." It is amusing to drink of Chrétien declaiming the rest of the passage, "No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be." An ardent friend, one that will do! To swell a prague, start a score or two, Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy task. Deferential, glad to be of use, / Politic, cautious, and meticulous; / Full of high sententious, but a bit elusive. / At times, indeed, almost ridiculous! / Almost, at times, the fool! / I grow old... I grow old... / I shall wear the blemishes of my rounded recall. / Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to



on a patch? / I shall wear white floral trousers, and walk upon the beach..."

Bethene Robata, Victoria

I found Judith Timson's article enjoyable and inspiring. I have an additional suggestion as to what might be suitable career move for Chrétien if he ever decides to leave politics: a position with the United Nations. His incessant world travel and what I would assume to be a genuine interest in the welfare of the citizens of the Third World in particular would seem to make him a natural choice for a UN posting. The sooner he makes way for a successor as Prime Minister, the sooner Canadians might be able to look forward to a leader who places more emphasis on domestic problems. Assuring the perks and privileges that go with a UN job are not with those Chrétien new enjoys, it begins the question, "What's holding him up?"

Carl James Johnson, Victoria

### Corrupting influence

Why is the Liberal government, which fought so vigorously to give former prime minister Brian Mulroney at a cynic in the end being forced to apologize for him for getting the RCMP to investigate allegations against him in the Airbus affair), becoming so corrupt ("Edits—or racism"? Canada June 27)? It is because that a what absolute power does. The ideological purists in Canada have so thoroughly terrified women that their same movements have actually served to increase the Liberals. Mainstream women feel they have little choice but to back the Liberals because of the three Canadian Alliance and Bloc Québécois power in the economic well-being of the

country. It is time to vote them again and send the Liberals a message, and not one they can ignore.

John Daniel Baker, Toronto

### Assisted conception

I am deeply disappointed and troubled by "Who's my birth father?" (Cover, May 27) because the article misuses medical practice of a doctor or more ago. Today, any person can go on the Internet and access the catalogue of any of a dozen sperm banks and choose with some detail the donor whose sperm the consumer will deliver to his doctor's or some practitioner's office. In the catalogues of the various sperm banks are indicated whether the donor appears to be known or wishes to be anonymous. It is not surprising that of the hundreds of donors available to Canadians from all over the United States and Canada, only a half dozen have chosen to be known. The article fails to recognize that provincial laws in all but two provinces (Quebec and Newfoundland) and one territory (Yukon) state that if the sperm donor is known, he is the biological and legal father of a child. For those who donate sperm as a gift of life, there may be little desire to know the identity of children born. For heterosexual couples, that need for privacy may lead them to choose an anonymous donor. Each of us has the right to make informed choices about the reproductive care we want. Pity that you could not set beyond the anger of a few to the future and happiness of the many who will enjoy the benefits of donor insemination and infertility care in Canada.

Dr Arthur Leslie, Chief, Reproductive Medicine, Professor, Obstetrics, Gynecology and Medicine, Ottawa Hospital/Royal University of Ottawa

Year cover story "Who's my birth father?" caught my eye at it is a question I have lived with for over 31 years. I am not, however, a product of artificial insemination. I am an adoptee. Contain with unknown biological parents is a mystery shared by many whose origins are a mystery to them. Without revisions and additions to current legislation, contact, in many cases, is impossible. I am not envious for the sacrifices made by those who gave me life. Nor do I wish to "make it" the losing parents who raised me for the parents to whom I have genetic ties. I am simply trying to put together the puzzle that is my unique individuality.

Gary McLean, Mississauga



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# An intensely personal story



Wrinkles, work, car wrecks and the weather—she's all wrings and moans about them.

But they're nothing compared to what Wendy Mathewson faced after the left side of her skull was fractured in a car accident 14 years ago. In the crash, she suffered a severe head injury that plunged her into a coma.

"She wasn't dead, but her responses were all in there [in her head]," says Katherine McLean, Mathewson's coauthor and business correspondent, who is also Wendy's cousin. "The machines were doing everything for her."

It took six weeks before she emerged from the coma—and then she had to learn to walk and talk all over again. "A lot of people do give up now," in a time so old Wendy," says McLean. "Two years after she came out of it, she went through an incredibly dark period. She was scared and severely depressed."

Today, 14 years after that life-altering accident, Mathewson has a rich and full life. "She's a truly inspirational—it is one of her" says McLean, who cherishes memories of playing together as children and a teenage road trip in the Rockies. "As a journalist, writing an intensely personal story about someone with whom I have a lifelong connection has been remarkable."

Mathewson celebrated her birthday this week. Considering that this happens to be the month that many provinces promote Brain Injury Awareness,

To find out more about Mathewson read the weekly cover story by Katherine McLean (pictured above).

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# ACQUA DI GIO

# Overture

Edited by Shanda Dezel with John Intox

## Over and Under Achievers

—**Rutan Williams:** Shows up his own special brand of malevolent pertinacity in skimming off the interests of the digitized new statesman

—**Gustav Robertson:** Founded top business venture credibly world-winning that Christie's risks overstating his welcome. The model of the star mandarin

—**Jean Chretien:** In a bizarre move, he vows not to resign so long as "journalists create problems" for him. The explosion of the stubborn old pot

—**Ward Bookie:** CIS director disputes notion that new federal anti-terror laws will bind many bad guys in prison. Could talk from tap tap a welcome surprise

## Overbites

The *Montreal Gazette* and *Journal de Montreal* are the strongest of contacts in so diverse that the update general or *Louis Riel* imagined that their insatiable had beaten every single race in the book.

The action of *Shawarma* dies again. The reason the jets cost so much money is that they actually have a certain system in a way that makes it difficult to get the olive. I do think Mr. Chretien has so worn-out technology that has not yet been applied by the Paul Martin government.

—**Rutan Williams:** At a *Holiday Inn*, discusses Jean Chretien's recent leadership



## A hitchhiker pursues his piece of the pie

Here is a tough question for fans of *Small Fries*, who avenged the most popular blog game? The next it has already gone to the Montreal journalists, **Scott Abbott** and **Chris Honey**. The pair contend they came up with the idea in December 1979 while searching for a way to resolve

the question of who was the better board game player. Del Capo defences **David Hall** claims he first had the idea for a pie-shaped game in which players move around a board as they answer more questions. As Hall reflects Abbott, Honey my brother **John Honey** and I performed names. **Edmond Honey** dropped off his idea and hundreds of millions of planes across the globe and in the process became fabulously wealthy. Hall, 42, who works for a well-drilling company, has spent eight years in court trying to prove deserves the credit—and the money. "We're just try-

ing to ensure that David gets his piece of the pie," says his Halifax lawyer **Karen MacDonald**.

On July 3 attorneys for both sides will be back before a Nova Scotia Supreme Court judge working out precedential issues. Hall's central argument is that he told Chris Honey his idea when the Montreal Gazette police noted police had set up residence near Sydney, N.S. "Something in the fall of 1979." By his own admission, Hall had been drinking earlier or the day and was smoking marijuana on the night in question—which might help explain why his voice has changed.

The date of the last drilling encounter three different times. It is now left intentionally vague in Hall's statement of claim. "We're just trying to establish a piece of the pie," says Hall. "It's not about the money. It's about the recognition. It's about the respect. It's about the acknowledgement that we did something."

—**John DeMato**

Montreal 6 | June 13, 2003 ■

## Overture

### Face to face with Ebola

Soon after boarding a bus in the Ugandan capital of Kampala, I became aware that doctor David Bellis learned he was heading into a very dangerous situation. "I was literally reading a newspaper to pass the time while I drove across the border," Ebola confirmed to *Globe*,hardtman ligatus." says this Ugandan native who was in Africa in October 2000, documenting the lives of child soldiers. "It was a bit alarming since the bus I was on was headed to Gulu." While most people would have asked to get off, Bellis was intrigued albeit not completely prepared for what awaited him. "These people were vomiting blood all the time and had bloody noses and very high fevers," said Bellis. "The disease had completely worn them out. It looked like they'd been through 12 rounds with Mike Tyson."

In *Gulu After The Massacre* of Gulu, Bellis 30 chronicles the city's five-month struggle with the highly infectious and often fatal disease from the perspective of a group of Ugandan health-care workers. "Tragically, we knew that Africa is not just about child soldiers, land mines and diamonds," says Bellis of his two-hour documentary that aired on the *TV* network—for nearly *WGN*—on June 6. "It's a place with real heroes. Meeting these nurses volunteering even with all the risks, was amazing and something I felt people needed to see."

Bellis' effort brought with it many personal risks. Challenging videotapes in the hospital ward while wearing protective gear proved tricky and an infected day health-care worker forced him to give him a mask. "I was scared. I might contract the virus and also that I might pass it along unknowingly," he says, considering the symptoms of Ebola can take up to three weeks to appear. But the nurses' commitment inspired the filmmaker to continue. "They don't let me cry," says Bellis. "To keep their patients calm they let them cry now and again."

**John Hartel**



### Take a picture, it lasts longer

In the foreground is Amazing World volume two, a collection of *Robert Mapplethorpe* photos (available at [www.amazingworld.com](http://www.amazingworld.com)). **Beagle's Greatest** means that Monk's photos are "at once deadly serious and yet, in looking at them, one also gets the distinct sense that they might spit water at you when you turn the page."

The Toronto-based photographer shot Carrie Fisher's dog (nearby) in Guatemala. "It would have been a great picture if a pelt," says Monk, 43, "cause I had this little shaggy dog held the flash." *Leg Hair* and *Pachinko Parlour* (middle), were taken in Japan. "Photographers are always drawn to things that are not the typical. Asia is like that to me, very exotic." And *Little Professor* (bottom), was taken on the streets of Havana.

# Some people really love Westerns!



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## Ironing ironies

**A**t the dinner table I was yipping away. "I'm glad I was born in the 20th century! As a woman, I carry huge burdens for women in the Western world: blish blish blish . . ." I'd spent the afternoon in an apron and didn't wash the man in my life getting the wrong stain. Making dinner was something I chose to do and wearing an apron merely an expedient against unnecessary laundry. I think they believed it.

My husband looked up from his vegetarian pizza, already nuzzled because it was a vegetarian pizza and not a mouse or something on his plate, and said dryly, "Yes, any other time, you would have been burnt at the stake."

I was one of those moments. Our 23-year-old son Leslie was at supper with us and he laughed at my husband's comment, shocked and pleased, like it was a "giggle-on" moment, another point scored for the Neanderthal male. I love it that Leslie's new live-in girlfriend is a feminist and that he spends a good deal of time now washing dishes and vacuuming. It's amazing what love can do in the clean socks, clean cooks department.

Because of this change in Leslie, I was glad that he arrived to find his father ironing jeans in the laundry. It was like an off-season. He'd been ironing for an hour and a half. That's worked out to 30 minutes for one pair of jeans. It was painful to watch creases were release and washboards were miraculously possest. He spent an inordinate amount of time adjusting the controls on the iron and compulsively smoothing the ironing board cover. He was basically acting like an idiot smot.

But I couldn't help him. In a moment he'd declared the need for instructions, declaiming that, after 25 years of ironing dominance by me, he was taking over. My guess is, however, was one of elation; it had taken me 25 years of bad ironing to effect this dazzling change, a long and determined task, it was, but then, boys born in the '50s, as everyone knows, suffered from faulty dentistry training. His mother ironed everything, including his baseball hat and his jorts strap. My husband ironed his jeans because he requires a rigid criss cross down each leg. When I've done the job his pants have creases that travel from thigh to ankle in an erratic zigzag, as if on amphetamine.

This day, I wished I'd had a typewriter on the kitchen counter, a pile of excellent fine pages stacked beside it, while the little man slaved away and I creased my beans out. But, alas, equally domestic and spoon-clad, I was chopping mushrooms and green peppers for the pizza. Once again I marvelled



at how much of my day revolved around things domestic. Not creating additional theories of evolution, not creating beautifully sculptured forms made out of domestic objects, but discarding up the *easy* creative ways to make a vegetarian pizza appealing. I had to lie down.

I took to the couch in rebellion, gathering the nearest thing to read, which, it turned out, was my husband's latest issue of *Hipster and Social Behaviour*. Amazingly, like some unisex comic strip, the lead study earned the headline, "Unequal share of housework causes depression in women." I wondered if I was depressed. According to this study, I should be, particularly over the part where being

married actually increased the workload for a woman.

But back to the pizza dinner table, where my husband was pouring a beer, nibbling on a piece of burnt pineapple. Leslie, though, was eating robustly. He's a vegetarian convert who now negotiates life with a host of flavored oil and container of soft tofu. In his male solidarity days, he was a dedicated meat and potatoes boy. My husband found those times, the two of them out on the deck barbecuing under the size of umbrellas. They would wear their meat, blood on their tips, fat on their chins, animal antibiotic rampage through their blood streams like killer cowboys. Until a return of those happy days, though, my husband has become the victim of a semi-vegetarian household, accustomed to the occasional piece of meat, eaten alone and grumpily like an old bone.

We went to bed early that night. My husband, exhausted from ironing (and possibly mild depression) was soon asleep. Lying awake, I wondered about the mechanics of being burnt at the stake about the division of labour and how the male/female percentages would tally up. What would the studies say about that?

Nest to me, my husband sighed in his sleep, his right hand slipping the covers, still at work at the ironing board of his subconscious, it seemed. Lying there, I thought about the domestic acrobatics I could make—maneuver—out of ironing boards and discarded vegetarian pizzas. I imagined a scholarly paper I could write. In it I would detail my new theory of the matric, jeans-ironing gene that I'd recently discovered. I'd explain how these new genes were currently replicating like crazy among the male population of the species. I'd graph and statistics and everything.

M.A.C. Farrant is a writer based in Vancouver, B.C.

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94

# The Week That Was



NORTHERN ALBERTA IN FLAMES

A forest fire in northern Alberta continued to burn out of control. Since the blaze began on May 17 about 100 km south of Fort McMurray, it has consumed some 1,400 sq. km of woodland—an area larger than the city of Vancouver—and forced the evacuation of 1,200 people. Meanwhile, smaller blazes continued to affect other parts of Alberta and Western Canada. One brush fire just north of Edmonton had destroyed three homes and burned other buildings by noon, and a forest 25 minutes to the

## Will Libya pay?

Amid confusion over whether Libya had, in fact, offered to settle a long-sought claim against the United States over the 1986 bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, in which 270 were killed, some families of the victims were enraged by such a deal in early July. Libya publicly denied it had matched a reported compensation settlement of US\$10 million per victim.

But a lawyer for the U.S. families representing 118 victims' families suing Libya—a alleged state sponsor—of terrorism said he has no doubt that the Libyan negotiators won what they set out to gain when they agreed to settle the suit. Analysts say Libya considered compensation necessary before it can be welcomed back into the international community and start to rejoin ties with Washington. But

some of the victims' families say it's a hollow tree compensation offer. Last a business deal designed to win the lifting of U.S. sanctions against Libya. "It's outrageous," said Diane Thawman of Dundas, Ont., whose son, Paul Premer, died in the bombing.

## Sweet medicine

The B.C. Medical Association agreed to a three year deal that the

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## The Week That Was



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### New favourite?

Look out! Part Québécois and Liberal—la Réseau démocratique du Québec—is on the move. Not that you'd know it, because the number of seats the party holds has compared to the PQ's 20 and Liberals' 50. But according to a Léger Marketing poll released last week,

### South Korean soccer fans

while the Liberals still lead with 35 per cent support, the Action demo-cratic has jumped to 32 per cent from some 12 per cent four months ago. Then comes the surprising PQ at the bottom of the heap, with 26 per cent support.

### An amazing kickoff

The world's biggest sporting event:

Subscribers were held to the edge of inflation, with a currency hard to imagine: inflation of 30 per cent a year.

The so-called "incumbents," giants such as Bell Canada and Telus Corp., were disappointed they had wanted to raise rates across the board. At the same time, new players including KMT Canada and Sprint Canada parent CellNet Telecommunications had demanded steep reductions—up to 70 per cent—in the rates charged to the incumbents even less for using their networks.

But the CRTC out those changes by only 35 to 50 per cent, leaving a major income stream for the big guys relatively intact. "I think they've chosen regulation over competition," complained CellNet CEO Bill Linton. With so many players unhappy, analysts predict there'll be appeals to the federal cabinet. Consequently, though, seemed unlikely to join



Photo: AP/Wide World

began with one of the biggest upsets in 12 years history. After a tame 2002 World Cup opening, commended in Seoul, watched by some 600 million around the world, Saudi Arabia shocked the heavily favoured defending champion France—in former colonies—notably in a 1-0 score. Although Saudi is one of just 32 countries—eliminated from a snapshot 1998—to make it to the World Cup, being held for the first time in Asia, FFA's soccer world governing body sends it the trophy. France is the only people, including children excused from school so they could watch the West African country's first-ever World Cup match—canceled at the streets and a national holiday was immediately declared. "It's an historic victory and a superb result," said Sepp Blatter, FFA president. "There will likely be many such stories before the final on June 30."

### Breaking radio silence

So needs after their helicopter disappearance in the mountains jungles of southern Colombia, a radio station call renewed hope that three men, including two Canadians, were still alive. It passed phone from the Colombian miners Alvaro Sotillo picked up the call, but poor winter complicated subsequent search efforts. It was not immediately clear how the miners' flight originated, a polar bear from Montreal. Jay Reddick, a mechanic from Vancouver, and Pamela Gallop a Frenchman who is a partner in the company that owns the Bell 212 helicopter that was leased to Comisión Explanar—might have survived.

### Mystery afloat

Her Robert Belotti, who found such tumult within banks as the Toronto, Brampton and London, struck right. According to Salomon (303665) Breitling, Cognac, the audience expertly recited the remains of the first P.T. 109 under 325 m of water in the St. Lucia Strait in the South

## Passages

**Appointed:** Charles and Anne ("Andy") Bruckman marked their return as honorary citizens of Jerusalem in an appropriate place—the house that Andy Bruckman's parents built in the city. "We feel extremely comfortable and at home here," she told *Maclean's*. The couple are the first Canadian, and 84th, honorary citizens, to be

so honored; they were cited for their philanthropy and "devotion to our eternal city." The Montreal-born Bruckman and her wife spent much of their time in New York City and visit Israel throughout the year. Only three other non-Jews, including former U.S. secretary of state George Shultz, have been similarly honored.

**Died:** Iowa-born writer Muriel Spark (see sidebar) died May 11. Spark wrote the *Ninety-Nine* mystery series in 1950, and wrote 23 of the original 30 books. Besides *Ninety-Nine*, died in Toledo, Ohio.

**Appointed:** Renowned Canadian Supreme Court Justice Peter Gzowski will investigate flagrations of corruption within the British and Irish security forces, in the breeding of eight unsolved political assassinations.

**Accused:** A police report was filed against former Canadian AM boss Bentley Lee for allegedly throwing eggs and tomatoes at motor workers outside her San Francisco apartment. Lee, a fiery AM news anchor

**Appointed:** Toronto poet Christopher Rask was the \$10,000 Canadian winner of the Griffin Poetry Prize in June, in which each chapter is restricted to words of a single vowel.

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## The Week That Was

Pacific John F. Kennedy was captain of the patrol torpedo boat when it sank on Aug. 2, 1943, intervening stages in a Japanese destroy or, Kennedy's heroic rescue of an injured survivor became the stuff of legend that helped launch a future presidency. Ballard was not available for comment, nor is one from the National Geographic Society in Washington, which is sponsoring and making a documentary about the search, would confirm that the remains of the sunken vessel Ballard found

isn't an exclusive enclave of Greenwich, Conn. That means the duty innocent the jury heard from the defendant was a 1967 rape recording the prosecution played in which Skakel sued his brain metastasizing while perched in a tree peering into Money's window. The last person to testify on Skakel's behalf was his sister, Jane, 44, who told the court she no longer believes in Money's innocence because the family property the night of the murder was her brother's—contradicting statements she made to police in 1973 and her testimony before a grand jury in 1996. Skakel, a nephew of former U.S. attorney general Robert Kennedy's widow Ethel Kennedy, could face life in prison if found guilty.

### Castration in court

Brian Crockett says his developmentally handicapped son's 1997 castration cured his sexual aggressiveness and other behavioral problems. B.C.'s public prosecutor and Justice used the operation, done without the now 25-year-old's consent, was "unnecessary, unethical, high-handed, iniquitous and demeaning." It sued Crockett, the Nanaimo hospital where the operation took place and the doctors involved in the case. Last week, neither the parties agreed to a settlement. Dr. Michael Oakes, the urologist who performed the operation, offered to pay \$150,000 plus legal costs to the son, who has the mental capacity of a four-year-old. The offer would settle the lawsuit against all parties, including Crockett, Justice James Taylor of the B.C. Supreme Court, who is rule on whether to approve the deal. It was unclear at week's end whether Crockett will pursue a countersuit against the public trustee.

### Quebec money

Quebec's separate government plans to create a new super-agency to oversee the province's financial industry, including its regulation of banks for a national securities regulator. Finance Minister Paul Martin became the latest to back a national body to replace the 13 provincial and territorial regulators. But Quebec has introduced legislation to go it alone with a consolidated agency reporting to the finance minister. At the same time, the government appointed Henri-Paul Rousseau, CEO of the Montreal-based Laurentian Bank of Canada, as head of the powerful Caixa de deposito e pagamento du Québec, Canada's biggest pension fund manager. Provincial Finance Minister Pauline Marois promised reforms that would make the Caixa, often seen as an arm of the government, more independent.

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## The Week That Was

### Controversial verdict

The stayed murder was a non-starter and the prosecution case—entirely circumstantial—seemed weaker than stone soap. Yet, amazingly, last week a Kuwait court threw the books on the murder of Ibin Elhass, apportioning among 12 defendants that it was an act of God. Kuwaitis trembled and waited, convicting 11 whites and three other Filipinos.

In a decision delivered after only two days of testimony, the Court of First Instance sentenced Tomy Tenson, 39, a private life in prison for the Oct. 30, 2005, street ambush that killed Elhass, 26, a Canadian aircraft mechanic, and left his wife Mary in a coma. With these critical gunshot wounds, Elhass, who was originally accused of being at the centre of an elaborate plot to kill his landlord for his insurance money—despite the fact she was not the beneficiary of the policies—was acquitted of murder-related charges, but sentenced to three years in prison for “responsible killing.” A Kuwaiti man was the gunman. Noelle Asche, a friend of Elhass, was handed five years for illegally keeping the sniper weapon—though the 18-year-old was never found—and “committing adultery” with Tenson. Another friend, Laurent May, received three months for being an accessory after the fact.

Elhass's family and friends are seeking the court to overrule a show-and-a-court-up designed to deflect attention from anti-Western sentiment in Kuwait. They point out that there is no physical evidence linking the Filipinos to the crime. The only proof presented by the prosecution were confessions that Elhass, Tenson, and the other suspects made after their arrest last November, but later recanted, saying the statements had been extracted through torture and intimidation. “I think the whole thing is bizarre,” Claude Elhass, Lucas' father, told *Time* in Montreal last week. “The process



PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD

wasn't transparent—but at all.”

In March, following a Wachira's investigation of the case, the Elhass sent a letter to Kuwaiti authorities via the Canadian embassy, asking for information about the evidence against their daughter-in-law and the other accused. The family never received a response. “They have never had the decency to contact us, to talk with us,” Elhass said.

Elhass has also failed to follow up on the family's concerns about a retouching of justice. “They're telling me that the suspects are Filipinos so they're not going to get involved,” said Elhass. Reynald De Rose, a spokesman for the

Department of Foreign Affairs, said Canada is simply following “the rules” of diplomacy. “We do not challenge a country's judicial or investigative system,” said De Rose. “The marches have been prosecuted and convicted. Justice has been rendered.”

Elhass died three days after the beginning of the U.S.-led bombing campaign in Afghanistan—an al-Qaeda Kuwaiti bomb spokesman, Suliman Abu Ghazi, was calling for a “holy war” against the enemies of Islam. Kuwait authorities initially characterized the shooting as an act of terror. Police arrested several suspects before Elhass was hospitalized,

Anthonie Gatcheuse

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Peter C. Newman

## The mind boggles

**A**ccountant-dash-tell jokes. But there's one story about how a major company chose its auditors that's particularly relevant these days. The firm's short list was down to three candidates who were called in for their final interview, which consisted of being asked the question, "What's two plus zero?"

They all realized it was a trick of some kind, but handled their responses differently. The first accountant, presumably a Canadian, simply answered, "Four." The second, shrugged, and not knowing what to say, blurted out, "Five." The third, aware of the politics of auditing, slyly replied, "Whatever you want it to be."

Guess who got the job. Unfortunately, it's not a joke anymore. Arthur Andersen, the international firm of accountants awarded the Enron auditing contract, obviously by choosing the third option, has imploded as its blocking partners admit they reported false earnings of at least US\$81 billion by cooking the books, then shredding the evidence.

In the weeks and months ahead, at the full extent of the Enron scandal unfolds, choices that are not only North America's corporate structure will shudder, but the very nature and foundation of capitalism will be seriously undermined. That emphatically includes Wall Street. Only one of its 40 covering broken issued a sell recommendation. Enron stock plummeted from its high of US\$90.75 in August, 2000, until it fell below \$10 last November to just pennies two months later. Collectively, shareholders lost US\$89 billion as they watched that investment in the highly touted Enron shares vanish. The underdog finally defeated.

This is the most disgraceful example ever of corporate corruption on the hoof. It's in progress and deliberate a scam at Calgary's Bee-X which handed a mountain of gold in Indigenous oil that turned out to be a mountain of sand with a few gold flakes sliced through it. Enron bits reach closer to home. That non-distance. Enron entry was lauded as American's corporate ideal, fifth on the Fortune 500 list, an enterprise that had earned pride of place in a majority of the U.S. political/econocentrists.

From the evidence revealed so far, it's clear that Enron broke every rule of decency and fair play. The company's accountants, acting on orders from Enron executives, falsely transformed four years of sustained losses into profits. At the same time, those same executives hauled millions of dollars into their pockets by selling off their own Enron stock, while strong-arming their lower-ranking employees into purchasing

more shares which were then locked into their pension plans. Chairman Ken Lay himself cashed in Enron stock worth US\$200 million and used the corporation's fraudulent wealth to influence elections and shape public policy for personal gain. According to shareholder lawsuits, the top 29 Enron executives cashed in shares worth US\$1.1 billion during the last six months before their company crashed.

As more facts emerge, the scandal will become increasingly focused on its political implications. Enron contributed heavily to the election campaigns of 71 out of the 100 senators and nearly half the 435 members of the House of Representatives. The company has, in fact, acted as the Bush family's career patron, backing father and son at every turn. Ken Lay was chairman of the senior Bush presidential re-election campaign in 1992. Enron donated US\$550,000 to the young George W. Bush campaign and \$500,000 to junior's presidential inaugural celebration.

Commentator Kevin Phillips summarized it up this way recently in the *Los Angeles Times*: "Not in memory has a single company grown so big as nation with a presidential dynasty and a corrupted political system. Indeed, the Bush family has been a prominent and well-rewarded ring in Enron's climb to national political influence."

What the Enron tragedy illustrates is that capitalism's sacred creed, which endows market forces with the power to set priorities and decide the business community's winners and losers, no longer deserves to drive North America's economic system. That gospel presupposed that those unregulated and unfettered market forces would operate within what Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan has called "a culture supportive of the rule of law." Once that protective barrier was breached, as it so obviously was by Enron, it became clear that unbridled capitalism at a visible system could no longer sustain itself. It must now be effectively replaced, or die.

Dennis Miller, the comedian whose sardonic wonderfully encapsulates what's wrong with American society, put it best: "Hey, Ken Lay, borrow some gun and start spilling 'em," he advised, then got down to the nitty and dirty: "Last year, you was makin' him self as a corporate genius who had the ear of the President and half the Congress. Now, he's passing him self off in some chockie Mr. Magoo who had absolutely no idea what his company was up to. You know how deep you are in cloo cloo when you have to take a public relations team to get the word out to people that you're out-of-the-loop."

And that's pricing it mildly.

**The Enron tragedy makes it clear that unbridled capitalism must now be effectively regulated, or die**



The New 2003 S-TYPE R

# LOSING HIS GRIP?

The ethics scandal turns into a power struggle between Chrétien and Martin

BY JOHN GEDDES IN OTTAWA

**A**t its best, the working relationship between Jean Chrétien and Paul Martin has been a remarkable partnership—and at its worst, a tense defiance that divided the ruling Liberal party into Cold War-like camps. Last week, the long truce, which allowed Martin to wipe out the deficit and Chrétien to win three electoral mandates, dissolved in acrimony. The finance minister, perhaps the most successful to hold that powerful post since the Second World War, was considering resigning. The Prime Minister, after a week in which the cascading ethics controversy triggered his own tensions, combative instincts, was having to defend his beloved hold on power.

The pivotal moment came when Chrétien ordered cabinet ministers trying to succeed him as leader to freeze their not-so-secret campaigning. The main target of the edict was Martin—whose backers Chrétien's loyalists now suspect of leaking damaging information that has fuelled the ethics scandal. The Prime Minister made it clear in a remarkable speech in Winnipeg that he felt persecuted and betrayed by the swirl of questions plaguing several of his key cabinet ministers. He admitted in a stammering, unscripted moment that “perhaps a few million dollars” were stolen under a federal sponsorship program in Quebec—but insisted he would never apologize. “If somebody has stolen the money, they will face the courts,” Chrétien said flatly.

Outright theft, as Chrétien well knows, is not the real issue. The revolution that must share an uncomfortable light onto the grey zones of political power: Justice Minister Martin Cauchon gave gifts with the head of a Liberal-linked Montreal construction firm that does big business with Ottawa; Solicitor General Lawrence MacAuley prides for federal grants to a P.E.I. college headed by his



MacAuley (left), Cauchon (middle) and Martin spell trouble for the Prime Minister



brother. These are not oranges, but the fact that they are generating headlines now threatens anyone's way of doing business in Ottawa. Chrétien is trapped in a culture where personal and political networks are irresistibly intertwined. And it's not clear these old habits are passing with him: Cauchon, 59, says he doesn't plan to change fishing buddies and defended the power of cabaret ministers to influence who gets government contracts.

Having admitted in his narrow way that errors were made, Chrétien insisted it was all in a good cause. “I had to make sure the prestige of Canada was known in Quebec,” he said, crediting the sponsorships for the decline in separatist sentiment. (Never mind that Chrétiens own Quebec brandished, Interdepartmental Affairs Minister Stéphane Dion, has already dismissed any link between the program and the falling fortunes of the sovereigntists.) Chrétien's avowal of his own mastery of the Quebec. He since the close call of the 1995 referendum is central to his view of his legacy. And the consensus that Martin would be dangerously soft on separation is part as essential an element of the deep blues Chrétiens inner circle have long felt toward his arch-rival.

That autonomy, in particular as it plays out in Quebec, has come to colour the ethics mess—just as it does almost everything that happens in this government. Chrétien had apparently decided before last week to deal with the issue as a policy challenge, promising an eight-point government integrity package. But when the approach failed to staunch the steady flow of conflict-of-interest allegations, he started suspecting treason. Martin responded like a proud man deeply wounded. “I’m obviously going to have to act on my sprouts,” he said.

But turning on his finance minister could cost Chrétiens. To weather this storm, he needs to focus attention on his government's strengths, which, more often than not, are anchored in the bipolar balance—autonomy though it may be—between Chrétiens' populism and Martin's policy credibility. Martin may make his decision to stay or go early this week. If he does leave, the Prime Minister will need all his legendary political wiles to keep his grip on a party in which Martin's network is unrivaled. If Chrétiens was looking for a way to prick chaos out of the springtime, he has found it.

# Strange tactics

Harper talks U.S. relations, not Liberal misdeeds

It is safe advice for a politician in just about any country: wrap yourself in the flag. Stephen Harper did it last week in his first major speech in the House of Commons, leader of the Canadian Alliance. Except Harper added a twist. He used the Stars and Stripes. Arguing for much closer ties between Ottawa and Washington, he declared at the outset that “perhaps the most important issue that ever faces Canada’s international relationship with the United States, [is]... More important than, say, Quebec separation was in 1980 or 1995.” More than health care is every link between Canadians laughing for hours in standing-room-only emergency rooms. But there was little chance to ponder Harper's sweeping promise. He moved on quickly to bigger surprises.

Such as praising Brian Mulroney. “He understood,” Harper said of the tall, commanding former prime minister. “But mature and intelligent Canadian leaders must share the following perspective: the United States is our closest neighbour, our heartily, our biggest customer and our main competitor friend.” In case that left any doubt about how tight he believes that friendship should be, Harper lashed out at Jean Chrétiens Liberals over the few notable instances when they have accepted of Washington's policy stances. So Lloyd Axworthy's push for an international treaty banning land mines failed to take “the consideration” of U.S. opposition. Continuing reluctance to sign on to George W. Bush's national missile defense scheme amounts to “base-jump resistance.”

It was the kind of giddy performance both fans and critics of Harper had been waiting for since he defeated Stockwell Day. His supporters admiringly stress, policy-oriented, open, clean-lined style. His detractors find him arrogantly ideological and disdainful of political realities. Last week, Harper also complained about Atlantic Canada's “defiant” attitude. His maiden speech could be used to back up either point of view. In a week dominated by the ethnic upsurge engulfing the Liberals, it was striking that Harper chose not to use his first big speech since returning to Parliament Hill to try to issue pointed pronouncements. Instead, he has found time to sit down with the



Striking an unabashedly pro-U.S. stance is a high-risk strategy in Canadian politics

on government corruption. Those looking for his weakness might wonder if pinning up the cheater shows he looks a politician's invite to go for the jugular. Those inclined to see strengths might take it as evidence that he's able to see the long game, past the distraction of the moment.

Either way, striking an unabashedly pro-U.S. stance is a high-risk strategy in Canadian politics. The late historian Frank Underhill may have been exaggerating when he said a Canadian is “the first anti-American, the most anti-American, the archetypal anti-American, the ideal anti-American as he is in the mind of God.” But he was onto something. Living next door to the giant still makes many Canadians uneasy. Frank Graves, president of the polling firm EKOS Research Associates, says the fact that Canadian opinion has been moving toward solidly supporting free trade doesn't mean the fears about U.S. domination that split the country back in the 1980s demons no longer exist. “Canadians feel high levels of anxiety about wanting access to American markets while remaining really leery about being seen as symbiotic or tied to the Americans,” he says.

One possibility is that Harper has simply written off these woes and likely to be nervous about coming up to Washington. After all, even David Beaton, president of



**Harper** (in his office with staff members) has old Reformers inside—now he's appealing to diehard Tories to abandon Jim Clark

the polling firm Ipsos-Reid's public affairs arm. Harper is unlikely to ever attract "Naomi Klein anti-capitalist types" or "the CBC-Corin crowd." Still, Broder says his polling shows Harper might be manipulating a sizable swath of possible supporters: seniors who experienced Canada's rising sense of independent identity in the Second World War and the immediate post-war period. "It's the whole Mike Pearson thing, that middle-power philosophy," he says. "The older population is wedded to the idea of Canada being different, and they are potentially a good draw for the Alliance."

Harper defends his position as good policy and shrugs off the suggestion it might be bad politics. "I'm aware there are political risks," he told Macleish. "I think there is going to be rising tension about which way to go, whether to try to improve [the Canada-U.S.] relationship or become more combative. My view is that only the former can be successful, so we might as well go on the right side of that issue."

Harper out-trots the big payoff for staying in. What would be good books would be avoiding costly trade disputes like the latest round of the softwood lumber war and fighting a new wave of U.S. tariff initiatives. No doubt, the argument that Cheesies has let down British Columbia lumber workers and Prairie grain growers resonates in the Alliance's Western heartland.

Among trade experts though, the case against the Liberals is not so readily accepted. "The criticism on softwood is entirely misplaced," says Bill Dynon, executive director of Carleton University's Centre for Trade Policy and Law. He argues that even if Bush and Chretien were to chum up that the President felt compelled to take Canada's side, it's doubtful he could fend off long-simmering protectionist forces in Congress and the U.S. lumber industry. As for agriculture, Dynon says Canada is in the same boat as much of the world in looking helplessly at the U.S. and Europe engage in an escalating subsidy war. And beyond those two



This round is for those who actually enjoy playing in the sand.

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# WENDY'S STORY

An Edmonton woman's courageous struggle to reclaim her life after a devastating brain injury

BY KATHERINE MACKLEM

**W**endy Matheson sits with perfect posture on the edge of her seat, one foot tucked under her chest, the other square to the floor. She is a flautist with the University of Alberta Concert Band, which is performing a honours concert at the Winspear Centre in Edmonton. Waiting to start, she takes some deep, nervous breaths. But once the music begins, she plays with grace and, by the third piece, allows herself to settle back into her chair when she's not playing. Her flute rests across her knees. She even looks to her friends and family in the audience, and smiles brightly. The concert hall, home to the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, is renowned across North America for its near-perfect acoustics. Wendy muses about the sound quality. "You can hear yourself play!" she says. One piece the band performs is a modern composition called *With Goat Conga*, by Larry Dube, a title that resonates deeply, though coincidentally, with Wendy's story. Even though she and the band have played magnificently, later that day she can't remember the title. Wendy, who is a cousin of mine, suffered severe brain trauma in a car accident almost 15 years ago. She can't recall many names of the works she played.

As she turns 42 this week, Wendy still has the same sharp-dead-gorgeous smile she had when I knew her in her teens, and her hair

Photographed by her mother, Wendy Matheson, Wendy lies in a centre stage after her devastating car accident.

## Cover

now helped by the handbrake, is still the pale cream colour of wheat in early spring. Yet she is disabled—a CAT scan of her brain two years ago shows the same black holes that were there following the accident. These holes can swallow up words or turn the path between thought and expression into a maze. But this doesn't stop her from living a rich and full life. One of the most striking things about the long-term impact of brain trauma is that it differs dramatically from one individual to the next. It can range from personality changes to severe physical handicaps to, in Wendy's case, a slow, tough struggle with the complicated task of communicating. Most remarkable, perhaps, is that victims of brain injury come back at all. If the accident can be compared to a brutally sudden and steep plateau, then Wendy has since done the equivalent of climbing Mount Everest.

**On Nov. 30, 1987,** Wendy and her boyfriend, Tom, were heading home on highway 16 west of Edmonton in May's hatchback. It was shortly after 9 at night and the weather was clear; the road, a divided, four-lane highway, dry. Earlier in the day they'd picked up frozen turkeys from a Humane community for their families for Christmas. As they crossed a hill, Tom, who was driving, saw a car stopped on the shoulder. It had its lights on, which lay across the left lane. Slowing, he sounded the siren. He pulled over ahead of the parked vehicle and backed up along the shoulder, intending to help drag the deer off the highway. The next vehicle over the hill was a Corolla travelling through the dark at 90–100 km an hour. It rammed into the dead animal, which acted like a ramp, sending the car flying into the back of Wendy's little blue sedan and driving it 20 metres forward, impaling the couple in a mass of twisted metal.

Ambulances arrived within minutes. Wendy and Tom were both knocked out. Tom recovered within a few days. No one knows for sure, but it's likely a artery cracked into Wendy's head. One was found at her feet on the car floor. The left side of her skull was smashed. The ambulance attendants suspected a broken neck, but didn't notice the head injury, probably because Wendy had lots of hair. She plunged into a coma that would last six weeks.

The damage was extensive. A CAT scan of her brain showed dark areas on the left side. In a hospital corridor, a doctor told her

parents, Marly and Bill, the name actually damaged areas controlled speech, memory and comprehension. But, he added, the bad youth on her side. The hospital records reported, in their detached clinical prose: "Patient admitted to Neuro ICU with diagnosis of depressed skull fracture." She was "unresponsive," which means a primary technician was methodically and rhythmically squeezing a rubber囊 to blow 100 per cent oxygen into her lungs—breathing for her. Marly and Bill were overwhelmed by her total unresponsiveness, her swollen, bruised eyes, the machinery that kept her alive, the cruel label, "brain damage." Wendy wrote in her journal, "On December 1, the world stopped for us. Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow, sorrow, sorrow." Wendy had been blessed, for her beautiful hair under a bandage, her skull crushed in.

**As children,** Wendy and I had known contact, as we grew up in Alberta and in Quebec. But when our families did get together, she and I clicked. Maybe it's because she has three brothers and I am bracketed by two, so even though I had two younger sisters, we were the lost, older girls in a gang of boys. The first time we really got to know each other was in 1968, when my family went west for a camping trip in the Rockies. We started out in Calgary, where Wendy's family was visiting. Pretending to be Western in real cowboy hats, with lots of around and song was for the boys, my family joined hers in laid and possum howling and holisting in the Stampede (and just about everywhere else). In her boyhood, Wendy and I, then 8 and 10 and both in love with horses, constructed a jumping course, which we ran through over and over, making it tougher as we grew.

Some years later, and so much more grown up, Wendy, having just celebrated her 16th birthday, and I, 18, drove from her home in Edmonton to Lake Louise, where I had a summer job. She has vivid memory of driving with me through a snowstorm, so intense so thick we were forced to stop under an overpass. I remember that snow, me, and laughing uproariously with her, two teenage girls on a road trip.

Wendy stayed for a while in my room in the staff residence at Lake Louise, pretending to be just another one of the hotel's employees. Athletic and attractive, she fit. Within days, she met more people than I had in the month or so prior. We



were breaking all the rules, of course—the air in the cafeteria, drink in the pub—but no harm. Too bad, though, she was too young to be offered a job.

The accident happened 11 years later, when Wendy was 27. She'd graduated from university, and had worked in a veterinary therapist in a senior's residence. She'd been a sit interviewer and had just started. At the time of the accident, she and Tom were living together in a small house on a lake outside Edmonton. He worked in a guide at a learning camp, she, as a waitress and camp cook. She'd also just launched her own business, called Uniek Expressions, where she took groups on adventures such as camping trips, or wilderness walks. Her first trip had been that fall, to see the sprouting of the autumn on B.C.'s Adams River.

**Right from the start,** Wendy's pauses, latches and close friends take the firm position that they will be positive about her recovery. Friends tie blue ribbons to branches of the trees near Wendy's and Bill's home, so the family will look up, instead of down, when they go outside. They reject all negative prognosis, of which there are many, especially the ones that employ the word "never" as in, "Wendy will never be able

to..." While co-operating with her medical doctors, they try alternative approaches to healing: visualization, aromatherapy and later, when Wendy is mobile, acupuncture. A Chinese healer, a friend of Wendy's who has studied alternative medicine, suggests that a blue ribbon would counteract the swelling of Wendy's head, and a yellow one would help her heart. Marly puts them on, a delicate blue bow on the white bandage encircling her head, and a bold and shiny canary yellow one on her hospital gown.

The end of a coma can be difficult moment to pinpoint. Patients emerge slowly, bit by bit, particularly if the trauma has been severe. For Wendy, it's no different. On the telephone answering machine at her parents' home, her family records messages every day about her progress:

Tuesday, Dec. 16: *Wendy is holding her head now. She is having her tracheostomy tube blocked at intervals so that she can breathe and cough and for mouth. She is still in a coma, which is obviously a safe place for her to be.*

Thursday, Dec. 18: *Wendy seems to be looking at people and is more responsive.*

Saturday, Dec. 20: *A big smile recovered today. Her right leg has been moving through full range, not yet all.*

Wednesday, Dec. 24: *We wheeled her*



**Clockwise, from top left:** Wendy, still considered comatose, with her dad in December, 1988; in physio; after surgery to insert the plastic skull plate. Tom's hat was the first thing Wendy appeared to recognize after emerging from her coma; walking the dog;

*about a year after. She is still in a coma but we believe she has understand of answers.*

Thursday, Dec. 25: *Merry Christmas Wendy you're a gift by saving her sight again at the eye doc today. She is still in a coma but improving daily. We hope Santa has been good to you as he was to us.*

That year is the first Christmas at the Macneivons' family home that they don't have their stockings. Three days after the crash, Wendy makes, sending waves of encouragement to our friends and family. Still in a light coma, Wendy now opens her eyes, although she just stirs, crossing her fingers as if it's a dream, and often does this in her sleep. She rubs her eyes, her nose, her left eye, with her left hand. Her right hand lies limp and useless. She can't swallow or gig.

Two weeks later, though, on Jan. 7, 1988, she does swallow some ice cream, offered to her by Marly. In her journal, Wendy writes: "My daughter is coming apart. Medical science has left pogged for the rest of society's ability to care for people with disabilities. Once a patient is physically stable, he or she is out of care and it's only

of a snare in her head, replacing her skull on the left side. She's lost most of her memories, she can't concentrate and is often confused and disoriented. But she can walk again, she can even swim, and has begun to speak a handful of words: 'hi,' 'you,' 'sorry,' 'thank you,' 'no,' 'bye.' She communicates with gestures.

Following the stroke, Wendy is stuck in the hospital for three months, in a tub, where she follows an intensive physiotherapy regime and takes speech lessons. And then, five months after the accident, still prone to seizures, still unable to care for herself on her own, Wendy is discharged

**In Canada, more than** 50,000 people are disabled by brain injuries every year—about 20 per cent of them in the moderate to severe category. It's a new phenomenon, because in the past, people suffering extreme trauma to the head did not survive. Now, they do, and that raises a moral dilemma. Medical science has leapt frogged for the rest of society's ability to care for people with disabilities. Once a patient is physically stable, he or she is out of care and it's only

## Cover

then that the long-term impact of a brain injury begins to become apparent. Some people have lost the basic what to eat, how to dress, where to avoid walking, such as the middle of the road. Many spend downward, unable to cope with the world at large, or with the suddenly new fact that they are disabled, or both. Depression, even suicide attempts, are distressingly common. Families fall apart. Marriages can't survive. The severity and kinds of problems differ dramatically from one individual to the next, but almost invariably, recovery is a slow, tedious process. "It's like the tundra," says Muir, "for which you have no map, that you never wanted to be in." Says Bill, "It's personal."

All of the above was true for Wendy ten months following the accident, she and Tom were married in a simple, touching ceremony in a park alongside the North Saskatchewan River. But the marriage didn't last. Wendy descended to a very dark noise, and landed east. Tom did everything he could to take care of her. But the wonder-spontaneity, bitter, unbearable, and after about a year, Tom left. Muir took over as her primary caregiver. Wendy, who has known how to baffle practically since she was a child, thumbed to show herself. Almost two years after the accident, she was in a ringing bubble one day with her mother. "I should have died," she cried. Muir shot back, "The bad news is that you didn't!" The ringing halved, and Wendy laughed. They both laughed and cried.

About this time, Wendy travelled east, and visited me in my home in Montreal. The trip heightened her dependency and she was happy, although still annoyed. Her language was very limited, and communication was difficult. Still, we chatted again, and together, we made meals, played with my children, and threw a dinner party. The story was picked up by the news story of Chantal Daigle, a young pregnant woman whose then-boyfriend Jean-Guy Trudel had gone to the Supreme Court of Canada to block her getting an abortion. Eventually, without waiting for a ruling, she fled to the U.S., where she went ahead with the procedure. "Walking with me along Mount Royal Avenue," Wendy pointed at newspaper displayed at a corner store and said, "I say, 'When I wanted to talk about the story, I saw she understood.' It was then that I began to realize there was a real disconnect between what she could ex-

press and what she comprehended. And that was what she typed about. That disconnect, and the cruel and arbitrary injustice of having her life completely derailed.

There were days, perhaps many in the early going, when Muir thought it would have been better if Wendy had died. She doesn't believe that anymore, though gaudium.

The brain is divided into six main parts, and each carries out specific functions. The brain stem, contained deep within the brain, is concerned with breathing, swallowing and sleep. The frontal lobe, behind the forehead, covers what are called the executive functions—social behaviour, personality and organization. For most right-handed people, like Wendy, the left temporal lobe, above the ear, controls speech and areas memory. The right temporal lobe contains non-verbal memory, such as music and drawings. (For lefties, it's more complex; the same functions may be controlled by the left, right or both temporal lobes.) At the top and back

of the head is the parietal lobe, the area that identifies objects and words, and behind it at the very back of the head is the occipital lobe, which manages vision. For Wendy, the trauma to her brain was particularly acute on the left side, where the skull had fractured. On the left side, damage was clearly visible to the left temporal lobe, but the right temporal lobe, the parietal lobe, and the brain stem also suffered.

In the case of trauma, the place where the brain has hit is called the coup. If the coup is hard enough—and it doesn't take much, as the brain is made of soft tissue—there is what's called the contre-coup, or a secondary impact, as the brain lumps around and smashes into the inside of the skull opposite the first coup. Bruising and hemorrhage can result from either coup. The other form of damage that can occur is the rupture or stretching of delicate long nerve fibers, called axons, which transmit information from one region of the brain to another. If these are different neural injury, as is called, that information transfer is interrupted. When a patient like Wendy sits in a coma, the

consciousness in the brain goes dormant. "The best way to imagine it is as a short circuit of all the functions of the brain," says Dr. Alan Pinto, a neuro-psychiatrist at the Montreal Neurological Institute.

Scientists are beginning to believe that a damaged brain may do some repair work on itself, but this is a new thought. Still, even if there is regeneration, says Pinto, this doesn't mean there is recovery of function. Scientists are also beginning to speculate that when one area has been damaged, other areas may be recruited to perform certain tasks. So, in the brain, unlike other parts of the body, doesn't fully recover after an injury. The damage has been done—and it has a profound impact on the individual's life.

I stayed with Wendy in Edmonton this spring. Contrary to the experts' expectations, she lives in her own home, with her



Clockwise, from left: trying acupuncture, in February, 1988, with Tom, writing to be understood: the first time she told her facts. Wendy knew to live into it; Wendy and Tom's wedding ceremony, Oct. 1, 1988; first swim, 10 weeks after the accident

in touch with friends, old and new. She also helps out others who have suffered a brain injury, often simply by dropping in for a visit or taking them out for a meal.

Wendy has played flute with the university's concert band for four years, and continues to study the instrument, as she did before the accident. She's just begun taking piano lessons. And she also has her own work—an ongoing struggle with language and, in particular, the written word.

Tony Linsker, a retired teacher, running with Wendy at his kitchen table. A few years ago, he volunteered at the school where he taught, and she'd bring him to tutor her. They are working on identifying long and short vowel sounds. Some of the consonants are non-existent, as in, "Whales from the ocean are small but snakes." In addition to reading them aloud and naming the "sys" and the "ahs," she must match them true or false. She is composed, but has begun to get angry. This is a frustrating exercise. She has been working like this in speech therapy classes, learning centres and rehabilitation programs, for years. It's hard work. "Trying to remember it all is difficult," she says to Linsker, and queries him on whether or not the level they are at—16 Grade 5—is the right one. "The pronunciation is going to tough for you," he replies, "but by the time you get to the end of the sentence, you're forgotten the first part." "Right," she declares, and tries again. Linsker guides her along and reminds her she's moved up three levels since they began working together last October.

Wendy's disability is difficult to describe, partly because that good at masking it and partly because I don't really see it. Over the years, we've grown together as family events, like weddings, and when she's come east, or I've gone west, and each time there's been a dramatic improvement in her ability to communicate. That's what I notice. But I know the speaking more hopefully than most and most people to slow down for her. Often, words get lost, waffled somewhere in her brain's dark spots. The same can happen when her sentences begin to ramble, and at mid-thought, she's not sure where she began. She is definitely with names and colors, so conversations with her are sometimes like like a game of charades—"the man's name, his name starts with a 'G,'" she says. But it doesn't matter. Wendy has a way about her that, remarkably, helps her overcome this disability and less her connector



Clockwise, from top left: Wendy, in her SUV; taking a call at the brain injury centre; visiting patients, with Joe, at the Neville Home; with piano teacher Sylvie Shadoff-Layton

with people. Like an ex-pat learning a new language, she seems fearless about making mistakes.

Still, it's not always obvious to the casual observer that there is a lot going on, on the inside. There's a stigma attached to mental problems; he's due to damage to the brain or mental illness or developmental issues. People sometimes shy away, or worse, from Wendy and others like her. One evening, we're in a taxi and Wendy gives directions to the driver. He has difficulty understanding, so her voice, which is soft and low, is sometimes shrill, especially at the end of the day. "You see, he thinks I'm drunk," she says. "I've used to say, but I hate it."

William Scott, the university concert band conductor who knows Wendy for the four years she's been a member, compares her with younger musicians in his ensemble. "She gets the double entendre," he says, following the performance at the Wimpey, "that often go over the head of everyone else." Ironically, Wendy, musically

ing with us, understands, although she has trouble with the words. "I like that word," she says of double entendre, but she can't repeat it. It's already disappeared. But she doesn't give up the want to hear it again and try again to say it. There's an openness and friendliness that pulls people to her. That's what happened to Drew Malanca. Wendy spotted him as she entered a jazz club in Edmonton. She liked the way he looked, she says, and because he was alone, she asked if she could join him. Says Drew, "There was this gorgeous blonde with a big smile coming towards me. I couldn't believe my luck." They began to date. Together now for almost three years, they're a happy couple. Drew, a doctor who's been married once before, thinks Wendy's less inhibited than most due to her brain injury. But then, he didn't know her before the accident—she's always been very outgoing.

"We are driving across town," Wendy is the driver, by the way, and she's behind the wheel of her honking big SUV—and look her when it was like to be in a car." I felt

PHOTO BY KEN GIGLIOTTI



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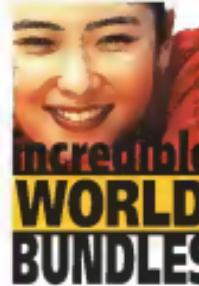
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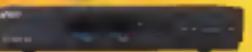
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## History

BY DAVID HAWALESHKA

It was June 12, 1944, and the D-Day invasion of Normandy was less than a week old. Waves of Allied bombers were pending. German positions, but on this occasion Flying Officer Patrick Brophy, 22, from Port Arthur, Ont., was keeping an eye. Spring handle him on the English Channel airfield. Wireless Officer Andrew Mynarski, 27, from Winnipeg, could see his buddy had something on his mind. As darkness descended, the two members of the Royal Canadian Air Force's No. 419 (Moose) Squadron in Middleton St. George in Yorkshire—steered for radar to clamber aboard their Canadian-built

It was time to go. Brophy, at rear gunner, sheathed himself into the Lancaster's bubble-like tail position, a dangerous cramped position in more ways than one. In his 1989 book, *Majestic Low*, Peter Pegg says Brophy often assumed this position making use of both flying gloves, which pleased his squadron's equipment officer. Remarking after the war, Brophy explained it was too dangerous to leave his name unmarked to achieve himself, so on the way back from missions held his pen in his glove, then ran it out the Lanc window. Mynarski was the mid-upper gunner and sat in the seat on top of the bomber's fuselage. There were no Canadas in all, plus Roy Viger, 20, an R.A.F. flight engineer.

Flying Officer Arthur de Breyne, the pilot and crew chief from St. Léonard, Que., found up the Lancaster. In fact, 1,648-horsepower engines thunders to life. Shortly before 10 p.m., the bomber sliced down the runway. De Breyne, just 22, increased the throttle, and up it went, climbing into the blackness.

Once they were over France, about 2½ hours later, Brophy was the first to spot danger—a German Junker Ju-88 anti-aircraft, fighter-bomber coming up from below. The enemy plane's large green-blue firelight held both pilot and gunner like砧木 could point straight up and fire into the Lanc's vulnerable underbelly. "Booby snort! Six o'clock!"

# Keeping alive a hero's death

A rare Lancaster bomber flies for Victoria Cross winner Andrew Mynarski

Lancaster bomber, a durable aluminum workhorse capable of carrying up to 22,000 pounds in explosives. None of the crew knew, of course, that this would be their last mission together.

The assignment that night called for a raid on a Cambrai oil yard in the northern part of German-occupied France. It would be the crew's 13th together—and was scheduled to wrap up in the early morning hours of June 13. Too many unlucky numbers for Brophy's liking. Mynarski, hoping to a silly on his comrades' names, gave Brophy a four-leaf clover he'd found in the grass. It turned out to be one of the luckiest clovers ever picked.

Mynarski did not share Brophy's eventual good fortune. He died only the next day because of his serious and heroic act about their crippled Lancaster, winning him a posthumous Victoria Cross, the Commonwealth's highest military decoration for bravery.

Today, the events of that night nearly six decades ago live on an unique fashion at the Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum in Hamilton. There, devoted volunteers maintain the Mynarski Memorial Lancaster, a vintage bomber built in Canada and one of only two Lancs in the world still flying. The other, belonging to the Royal Air Force, flew at the Queen Mother's funeral in April.



Mynarski (below left and front row right) gave his life to save Brophy (front row left).



Brophy yelled into the intercom. De Breyne immediately consciousness into a wild downward spiral. Brophy wheeled his plane and let loose with a burst of fire.

Too late. Three explosions rocked the Lancaster, knocking out both engines on the left wing and setting the gas tank between them on fire. A third carbon shell ruptured a hydraulic line in the fuselage, igniting an oil fire in the back that cut off Brophy from the rest of the crew.

It was 15 minutes past midnight.

De Breyne started as a black-out instrument panel. The intercom was dead, and it looked like they soon would be too. The burning Lancaster was losing altitude with its deadly payload song in the bomb bay. De Breyne, believing they had at most two minutes before crashing, ordered everyone to bale out.

Two separate dramas now unfolded. In the front, Jack Friday, 22, the crew's bombardier, also a native of Port Arthur (now Thunder Bay), was coaxed up in the plane's nose below the pilot's feet. As he pulled up on the escape hatch, the rushing wind ripped it from his hands so that the door caught him hand above the eye. Viger, crawling into the wounded plane nose or jumps, found Friday not bad, clipped on the man's parachute for him, and moved our limp body while controlling the main rip cord. The parachute



**It took nine years to restore the Second World War aircraft to flying condition.**

opened right away and luckily did not snag on the Lancaster's non-retractable tail wheel as it roared over Brephy's head. (Frody would later have no memory of the attack.)

Vigore, Rabens, Boden, the crew's 30-year-old navigator from Ocean Falls, B.C., and Warragie, born radioman James Kelly, 19, all escaped out the nose. Before abandoning the controls and jumping, de Breyne throttled back the two remaining engines to even the bomber's load. But De Breyne didn't know that Brephy was still strapped in the tail.

Earlier, in the back of the pinching bomber, Myrnski had climbed down from his seat and was about to jump from the rear door when he spotted Brephy through the oil-fired flames five metres away. It was clear his friend was trapped. Instead of saving himself, Myrnski went to Brephy, crawling on hands and knees through the fire to the plane lashed from side to side. Myrnski's parachute and clothes ignited.

Brephy yelled at Myrnski to jump to safety, but Myrnski kept going and used a fire axe to try to smash the rear open. By now, he was a ball of flame below the seat. Brephy kept screaming at his friend to leave. Finally, Myrnski gave in. Brephy remembers Myrnski pausing at the rear door to take a breath and mutter a farewell before he finally jumped. He was alive when he

landed, but soon recurred to his burns.

Brephy was now trapped in a deadly glow plate with no control or the controls. Praying, he waited for impact. Helpless and barely 15 metres from the bomber's abandoned payload, The Lancaster belly flopped into a cow pasture with a thunderous wall of sound, metal screeching as plane parts sheared away. The left wing shattered into a large tree, ripping a tear in the fuselage and whipping the Lancaster's tail around, sprang open the rear nose. Brephy somehow was thrown clear.

He came to rest against a tree. There would a scratch on him.

The French helped Brephy, Boden, Kelly, and de Breyne evade the German forces, but Frody, who had a serious head injury, was captured, as was Vigore. They joined with Resistance fighters and, after waging war on the ground behind enemy lines, made it back to London in September, where he learned of Myrnski's death.

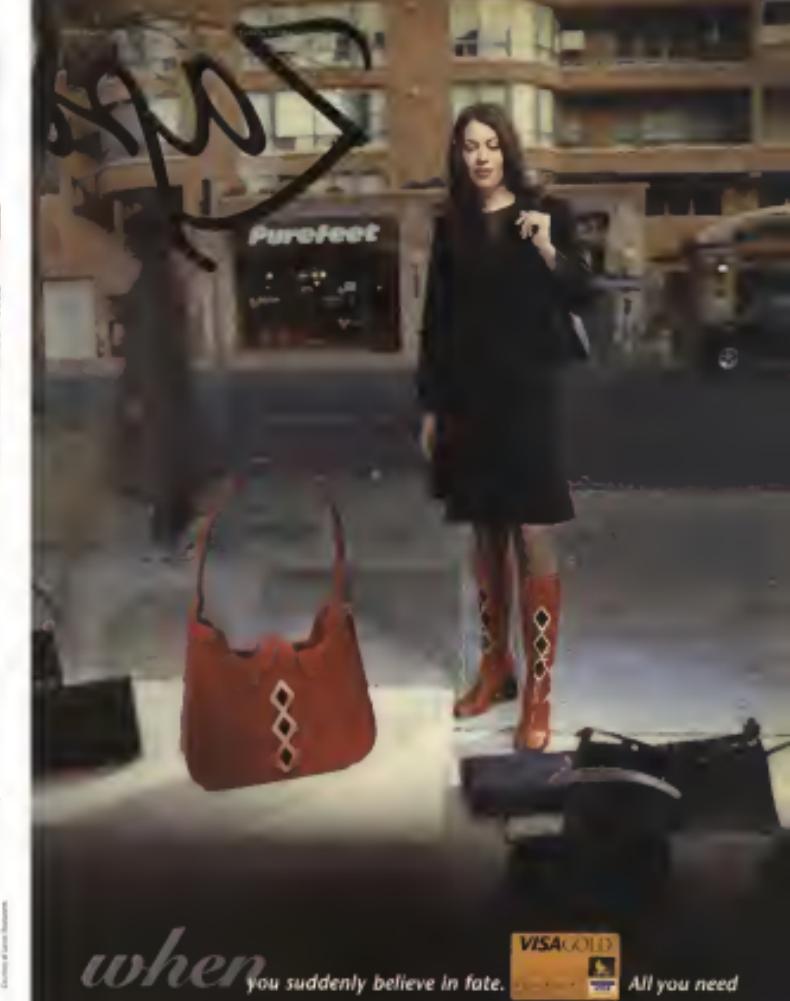
Myrnski lie buried in a veterans cemetery in Mérignac, France near the crash site outside of Aunay, but the Myrnski story does not end with his burial and subsequent Victoria Cross. A band of Indiana Myrmeks volunteers salvaged a mangled Lancaster from the airport Goderich, Ont., in 1979. The plane was

one of the last to roll off the assembly lines in 1945 in Malton, Ont., where Victory Aircraft Ltd., later A.V. Roe Canada Ltd., or Avro Canada, built 130 of the nearly 7,400 bombers that helped win the war.

An Armed Forces Chinook helicopter uplifted the ruined Lancaster, which never saw action in Europe, back to the Muskoka area, where the volunteers spent nine years restoring the bomber. It was painted with the same colours and markings as Myrnski's aircraft, and designated the Myrnski Memorial Lancaster. In 1988, the Myrnski crew arrived in Hamilton for the refurbished plane's inaugural flight. Stephanie Holloway, Myrnski's niece, stood in for her brother.

Today the bomber appears at air shows and special events. Steve Palson, who flies Boeing 737 commercial jets for a living, is one of the Lancaster's current crop of pilots. He regards it as an honour to fly the Lanc because of its historical value and the crews that died during the war. "I shouldn't say this," Palson allows, "but I consider it the most important flying I do."

PHOTO: GUY LAROCHE



*when*  
you suddenly believe in fate.



All you need

BY ANN BOWSETT JOHNSON

Years and years ago, long before they invented e-mail or notebook computers, way before parents began packing about academic-fidelity ratios or the double cohort, I packed up my favorite books and my brand new cameras and headed off for a four-year stint at Queen's University. Like most of my friends who joined me, I had never laid eyes on Queen's, let alone Kingston, Ont. Collectively, we may have

Sir John Fraser? Tens? Tenison? McGill? It didn't much matter. As long as you got a seat you were happy and man everybody did. "We wanted a liberal arts education, and what we got was liberal indeed. Plenty of faculty, plenty of choice. Seminars that were small and vibrant. Professors who were fresh and dedicated."

Whether goaded into action by Spanish and the Cold War, or by the genuinely altruistic motivation to educate a record number of young people, the federal government and the provinces showed true leadership, making an enormous invest-

# THE CRISIS IN QUALITY

ment boom debuting the War Measures Act, Lester B. Pearson's musical gifts and the relative merits of reading. Where in Earth did university choice? There was virtually no discussion.

Sure, we all had our quirky reasons for picking Queen's on our short list. One friend wanted to be near the lake. Another wanted to be near a certain boy (myself). Some seemed a bit schizoid, so I kept it in myself; my grandparents had fallen in love at Queen's just after the First World War, and my grandmother still looked forward to her annual homecoming reunion—even though her classmates were dying of an appalling rate. But when you get right down to it, our decision was not complicated: we all had good ranks; Queen's had a good reputation. And it was just far enough from home to make us feel like we had gone somewhere.

Of course, not everyone made their choice so briefly. Certainly not my sister, a person who wanted to be a dog until the age of 3 and then, acknowledging the genetic impediment, vowed to become a "dog doctor." Nowhere on my, she knew where she was heading from an early age: a medical student at the University of Guelph. That's where you'll find her today, a specialist in epidemiology teaching twice weekly health management (OK, she was wrong about the dog part. Still, she assures me that pup along their tub).

But for the majority of us in the late '60s and early '70s, the path to the future was a little less obvious. For us, choosing a university was a bit like playing musical chairs

post-secondary education than it's been in decades of walking it to the top of the funding agenda in the foreseeable future. You'd do better placing your money on K-12. But the reality is, health has stolen all the thunder. Sure, the federal government deserves several gold stars for its many initiatives—the Canada Research Chairs program, the Canadian Foundation for Innovation, the funding of nuclear research costs, to name a few. But ultimately, the responsibility lies with the provinces, and not one has had the foresight to prepare for this, the biggest crisis in Canadian history.

**Thirty years ago, Canada showed true leadership by investing in its universities. Now, as the largest class ever graduates from high school, why are we dropping the ball?**

more in higher education. Sure, times were different: governments were in a surplus position, there was low unemployment and high growth, and health care had yet to become a huge drain on the public purse. Still, let's give credit where credit is due: together, the federal government and the provinces showed vision, and we, the baby boomers, were the beneficiaries. If our parents stayed up late worrying about us, it had less to do with what happened in the classroom than beyond. Access to faculty? That wasn't even on the radar screen. Access to the pdf? That was more like it. And whether Mr. Lee, the amiable fellow who guarded the front door at our shared residence, was really doing his job.

So how did we get from there to here? How did it happen that we "foogies" to provide the basis of the baby boom with the same sort of access, and access to quality? Why is it that while my generation was spoiled with a student-faculty ratio of 20-to-one, theirs deserves no better than 39-to-one, and growing? And why has there been a 38-per-cent funding gap between Canadian and American investment in public universities in the past decade?

Who dropped the leadership ball on this one? And who, in heaven's name, is going to have the wisdom and tenacity to pick it up? That's a tough question. Let's face it

real preparation demands a significant boost to operating funds: money to maintain and hire faculty, equip labs, resource libraries, pay for heat and lighting. But in recent years, per-student funding has amounted to sharp change. Let's do the math: in 1977, funding averaged \$13,490 per student; in 1990, \$10,500. Today? An embarrassing \$8,350. Just enough, as one registrar says, to keep the wheels from falling off the bus. Sorry for

Call it a policy vacation. And what real numbers were we włauching it just as we've succeeded on a number of important educational fronts. Take the high school dropout rate, which has declined from 18 percent in 1991 to the current 12 percent. Or the fact that two-thirds of those graduating from high school say they want a university degree. Just suppose that good news with the fact that only 18 percent of those between 18 and 24 end up enrolling in university—and Canadian universities are currently full to the rafters. Meanwhile, Korea has close to 30 percent of its 18-to-21-year-olds enrolled; the United States, France, Australia, the



**Rob Anderson, Susan Hadden and Gill Anderson (center) in Rob's—plotted as undergrads at Queen's in 1973—will have daughters attending the university this fall**

Essay

United Kingdom and New Zealand all sit between 22 and 25 per cent.

And without some urgent intervention, things will only get worse. Over the next 10 years, Canada is expecting a growth of 200,000 students in its university system, a system that currently accommodates 625,000. Are we going to make room for

In Ontario, home to 39 per cent of Canadian students, public has reached a fever pitch. Next year, the province will eliminate its fifth year of high school, producing a double class of high-school grads—the infamous double cohort. What Ontario didn't anticipate was a growth of more than 16 per cent in applications *one year*—fueled to a great extent by fast-tracking students playing hot the clock. But it was also fueled by a higher participation rate in knowledge economy; an immense proportion of the babies of the well-educated baby boom want to go to university.

"Clearly, this is a different game of musical chairs than my generation played, one where certain qualified students get seats, and other qualified ones do not. And the game is by no means restricted to Ontario. This year more than 70,000 students have applied for fewer than 50,000 first-year places at McGill. Students are in an especially difficult position in British Columbia, the province with the lowest number of university spaces per capita. In fact, were it to match Ontario's rate, B.C. would have to almost double its spots, adding 55,000 to its current 65,000. Little wonder, then, that university ranks have been ratcheting up at an alarming rate, and will continue to do so as the pool of bright students grows through 2015. This year, 11,531 students competed for 1,516 first-year spots at the University of Victoria. 'You can't get in unless you have marks over 85 or 82,' says David Turpin, president of the University of Victoria. 'People with 75 per cent aren't even bothering to apply. What message are we sending about? And what kind of country will Canada become if those with 75 per cent and under opt out of the university entrance?'

As Canadians, we have high expectations of our universities. But in recent years, planning for education has become something of an oxymoron. The ability to look ahead is crucial to institutional, national and even international success. Let's ask

Shirley Tilghman, one of those baby-boom alumni from Quaker, now president of Princeton, where the student-faculty ratio is less than six-to-one. She will tell you that her university has remarkable stability and capacity to plan 10 years into the future. According to *the New York Times*, Princeton, with an endowment of \$8 billion, depends "in a meaningful way" on state support.<sup>1</sup>

rent funding is rich. "If we put one more student in here," says registrar Jo-Anne Brady, "the bubble is going to burst."



While protecting the hikes, students are also angry about crowded classes, course cuts

unes, public institutions that must depend heavily on state support; limitations that mean obey political masters who rarely see the strengths past the next election? Take my word for it, Quizon, and Tejano, a university that received 26,000 applications for 3,100 slots a year ago this year. In the past five years, Quizon has boasted its undergraduate enrollment by 1,780. Its capacity to grow, and maintain quality, with our

Ontario universities are expecting no increase for core operating funds. In other words, a disaster, especially after the disastrous end of the 1990s. Once again, there will be reductions in labs, in course offerings, in faculty, in library resources, and so on.

Specifically, the renowned molecular biologist cited an opportunity in second-year chemistry, one where she was invited to take part in a research lab. "It was here that I first experienced the intoxication of discovering something entirely new about the natural world," she said, "an experience that launched me on what has been a joyful career as a scientist."<sup>1</sup>

Obviously, that sort of experience is going the way of the dodo bird. "The government still believes that we can find increased efficiencies, but we are already exceptionally efficient," says Bob Simpson, president of the University of Toronto.

"The student-faculty ratio will get worse each year. It's straight arithmetic." And losing strong faculty is especially painful. "Inflation is eating us alive," says Quantico principal Bill Legger. "We're caught in an increasingly competitive market. We've got really good people, everybody wants them—and others can afford to use."

Which makes the question, when does university cease to be an effective place of learning? There is much talk about efficiency but what about effectiveness? After B.C. demarginalised nation this year, are

UBC surveyed major fee hikes, the university calculated a campus-wide questionnaire asking students where they would most like to see the new funds spent. What were the undergrads' top priorities in the learning environment? No surprise: increased course offerings, followed by smaller classes.

In fact, students are now so aware of the compromises in quality that many say they would be willing to see tuition increased if the learning environment improved. Some student leaders can cite the large number of countries that offer free tuition—countries such as France, Sweden, Ireland, Finland, Germany. And sure, citing tuition tolls looks like prior grouping to them, a case of the government thinking it alone. But as Mark Schaur, a senior political science grad from the University of Waterloo, heading to Oxford in a Rhodes Scholar, this fall, says, "It's a messy situation because I'm a huge advocate of academic accessibility, but the possible deregulation of programs looks incredibly tempting if it means that you can inflate the system with cash." This year there were huge cuts in geography at Waterloo—11 courses in total. And

such as I have to talk about education in consumer terms, students are now incredibly aware of whether a program is all that it's cracked up to be."

And so they should be. The commitment-to-mobility shift is happening all over. Isn't it obvious that all Canadians would benefit if there were fewer barriers to access, and quality? Isn't it time we insisted that political leaders look beyond their mandates, and embark on long-range planning that incorporates a more elaborate system of cost-sharing? And isn't it time we stopped inquiring whether a university education is a private good or a public one? Surely it is both.

If my generation of well-educated baby-boom parents has any game, we'll rule responsibility for jump-starting this national dialogue. It's not so hard to believe, if you spend an evening shadowing one of the many angry public meetings taking place across this country: meetings of parents strainingly trying to figure out how it all went so badly wrong. Parents desperate to figure out how it could be made right again, for the sake of our children—and our collective future.

# EMBRACING THE BOMB

The India-Pakistan dispute has raised the spectre of nuclear war

With tensions rising over the disputed region of Kashmir, India and Pakistan have mustered more than 1 million troops along their borders. Both countries are equipped with nuclear weapons, raising concerns that the losing side in a ground war might reach for the nuclear trigger. That would be catastrophic. Pakistan is believed to have 150 warheads and India around 250. According to a Pakistani report, if both countries leveled their full nuclear arsenals at each other, as many as 12 million people would die while another seven million would be injured. "The odds," the Pentagon concluded, "would be great; that every medical facility in southwest Asia would be overwhelmed."

Last week, fears of that nightmare scenario became real. Informed just hours after British Foreign Secretary Jack Straw travelled to the region to hold talks with leaders of both countries, Pakistani forces fired a ballistic missile, to stand by its days. That prompted Russia and the European Union to issue a statement condemning such actions, saying they "cannot but appreciate the already worrisome situation." As the核武 race continued, both countries shifted their troops across the Kashmir border and India moved its warships closer to Pakistan. Due to growing concern over a full-scale outbreak of hostilities—not to mention the potential threat of nuclear strikes—a number of foreign embassies, including Canada's, urged their citizens to leave the region.

But in this photo essay by Islamabad-based photographer Pervaiz Emeri, others, many Pakistanis, have learned to love the bomb, just like it. Models of the missile where the first nuclear test was held in 1998—some of the earliest atomic bombs ever built in the world—now grace the country. Models of the missile, which has become national celebrities. The country is fascinated with sculptures, paintings and performances depicting its Bhawani and Shaheen missile missiles—symbols for a nation proud of its status as the only Muslim nuclear power.

As the enemies of India and Pakistan mass on the border, many people in Pakistan are celebrating their country's nuclear arsenal. Clockwise from above: shop staff celebrate riding missiles and warplanes; in Rawalpindi, a man carries a model of a nuclear missile to his car; a vendor in Islamabad sits in a housing complex selling rocket-shaped logic puzzles; tanks are adorned with the image of Qasim Qasim, Pakistan's foremost nuclear scientist, badge on sale in Islamabad features a nuclear motif.





## Tragedy remembered

A sad ceremony marks the end of the WTC cleanup

With an empty stretcher bearing a tattered American flag that represented the 1,700 victims whose bodies were never found, New York City marked the end of the recovery of human remains and removal of thousands of tons of rubble from the World Trade Center site. There were no speeches at the ceremony, held nearly nine months after two hijacked planes slammed into the twin towers and killed 2,973 people. Instead, the silence was broken by the sobs of relatives, and the peal of fire department bells at 10:29 a.m., the precise time on Sept. 11 when the second tower collapsed in a gale of broken steel and concrete.

All that now remains is a seven-story-deep hole. Police and fire department piers and derricks marched behind the

The last girder is taken from the site where so many perished on Sept. 11  
Associated Press

citizen of Moroccan descent who was arrested in Minnesota on Aug. 16 after authorities became suspicious of his conduct at a flight school. Officials now say Maazouz was the missing 20th hijacker.

To help the FBI detect further attacks, the Bush administration gave the bureau greater leeway in spying on Americans. Undetected agents will be able to enter public places, attend protest gatherings and monitor the Internet for suspicious communication even when they are not pursuing a particular case. Under the previous guidelines, FBI agents had to offer evidence of criminal activity to get approval for such surveillance. The new guidelines drew sharp criticism from libertarians. But, said Attorney General John Ashcroft, the old and restrictive guidelines had, in many instances, barred FBI field agents from taking the initiative to detect and prevent future terrorist attacks.



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# I WANT MY SATELLITE TV

**Pro-choice or pro-territory? A new court battle over U.S. signals shapes up**

BY JULIAN BELTRAME

The first political victim of the Supreme Court of Canada's ruling against U.S. satellite television may have been Richard Pollock. The Liberal candidate in last month's Winter West federal by-election lost the seat held by Hélène Gray the past 39 years by 2,678 votes. When he campaigned door to door, he kept giving his bar bent over the court's April 26 decision that effectively makes criminals of the hundreds of thousands of Canadians subjected to the broad range of programs on U.S. satellite signals such as DirecTV and the Dish Network. "We're still, you know, that Heritage Minister Sheila Cappi and Industry Minister Allan Black had the decision against the so-called 'gray market,'" Pollock, underscoring his pledge to fight for change in the law once and for all. "I don't know if it cost me the election," Pollock says, "but people were very angry."

This anger stems from a clash of two dif-

ferent visions of television broadcasting in Canada. On the one hand, there's the desire of Canadians to tap into the exploding viewing choices made possible by modern communications technology—everything from religious programs to sports to news broadcasts from around the world. On the other, there's the federal government's objective—through the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission—or "hosting" Canadian broadcasters and the production of home-grown programming. Both have valid arguments, although few on either side are willing to acknowledge the other's.

To Luis Alvarez of Windsor, it's all about freedom of choice. Alvarez says he once subscribed to Bell ExpressVu—with Star Choice, one of the two CRTC-licensed satellite television providers in Canada—and found it wanting. "It's just a little more than what you get on cable," he says. DirecTV, however, gives him the full range of specialty programs and movies available

on Home Box Office, or HBO, whose programs include the popular *Seinfeld* series, and the U.S. sports cable network ESPN, which makes available a wide assortment of NFL football, Major League Baseball and hockey games. On top of that, DirecTV offers Spanish-language stations, a key feature for his family. "This is a working man's town and when we go home we want to relax and watch what we want to watch," Alvarez says.

The problem with that reasoning is that broadcast rights are sold territorially. HBO sells programming to DirecTV for the U.S./Latin American market in the U.S. It then turns around and sells the rights to certain shows to Canadian broadcasters for the Canadian market. Similarly, a smattering of ESPN sports events can be found on TSN, a Canadian sports network available on cable. Many movies carried by DirecTV have also been bought up by ExpressVu and Star Choice or Viewer's Choice, a pay-per-view movie network on cable. "Can-

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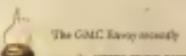


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## Business

duo broadcasters who pay for exclusive rights to a program shouldn't face competition from someone who hasn't bought those rights," argues a federal official, declining the government's policy. ExpressVu and Star Choice claim the illegal U.S. satellite dishes cost Canadian broadcasters \$400 million a year in lost subscribers. As well, says Rock, U.S. satellite providers don't pay licensing fees that go toward supporting Canadian-made programs. "This is not about consumer choice," said the minister. "This is about property rights and establishing a market."

Even some on the freedom-of-choice side of the debate concede the Supreme Court was correct in its ruling. "It's the law that's stupid," says Larry Grenada, CEO of the Toronto-based satellite dish firm CITY Telecommunications. Richard Rex, owner of Can-Am Satellites in Maple Ridge, B.C.—the firm involved in the Supreme Court challenge—argues that program providers already build in for territorial "spillage" when they sell their programs to satellite providers. He notes that while some Canadians have access to DirecTV or the Dish Network, American residents are in turn tuning into ExpressVu, HBO and the others deal with a broadcaster in a territory knowing full well the broadcast is not entirely limited to that territory," he says. He adds that the vast majority of programs available on DirecTV will never be shown by Canadian providers. So where's the harm?

That's especially true with ethnic programming. U.S. satellite firms carry a multitude of ethnic stations originating from Spain, Argentina, Chile, China, Russia and the Arab world that are simply not available in Canada because the population base is too small to support the programming. Paul Fitzgerald, vice-president of the Congreso Ibero-Americano de Canadá, a recently formed lobby group for about 140,000 Spanish-speaking Canadians, says the low density Canadian a basic right to receive news and information from home, in their preferred language. "When you think about it, it makes no sense," he says. "It's not illegal to subscribe to a Spanish language magazine, it's not illegal to listen to a Spanish short-wave radio station, it's not illegal to watch Spanish television on the Web. It's only illegal to watch it over a U.S. satellite television system." True, says Janet Yale, president of the Canadian Cable Television



Subscribers to U.S. services are angry at having to give up access to first-run shows like *The Sopranos* (top left) and a wide range of sports and ethnic programming.

Associations, "but there's no reason those services can't be offered here if someone wants to purchase the rights to that product." Even then, though, a new channel must first gain approval from the CRTC.

The clashing voices appear irreconcilable, but a remedy may not be far away. Kerry Edmunds, a spokesperson for Copps, says the government is examining ways to maintain the policy without undermining the wide genre of ethnic programming placed out of reach by the current decision. "It was never the government's intent that the Radiocommunications Act hinder the diversity of broadcasting in Canada," she says. Canadian grey market providers are not waiting. They have launched a new cause challenge, arguing that the law is in conflict with sections of copyright legislation in Canada's Charter of Rights and Freedoms. And even if that fails, technology may defeat whatever roadblocks the CRTC puts in the way. "They feel they can somehow force Canadians to watch what the CRTC says they have to watch," says Stephen Gallagher, chairman of the Canadian Alliance for Freedom of Information and Ideas, a lobby group formed around the issue. "What they're doing is forcing Canadians into the black market for satellite."

And then everyone loses, says Gallagher. While subscribing to U.S. satellite services is legal, Canadians in the grey market do pay for the service. Canadian vendors typically charge a fee—in the case of Can-Am Satellites, \$60 a year—to provide them with a U.S.-based satellite service, which then bills them upwards of US\$800 monthly through their credit card. But Canadians can also purchase decoder cards on the black market to legally and the U.S. signals without additional monthly charges; a piracy many believe will grow as Canadian vendors sit that down.

And what happens when, as Gallagher when high-speed broadband Internet makes it possible to watch television on computers? Will the CRTC step in to regulate the Internet as well? "I think the government is stuck on a policy that worked 20 years ago, but doesn't work anymore," he says. At the very least, it's becoming increasingly difficult to manage, both technically and, as Windsor West knows, politically. ■



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Donald Coxe

## The U.S. dollar bubble

**QUESTION:** What, if any bear market has greater potential to change global financial markets than the next bear? **ANSWER:** An American dollar bear.

The strongest dollar shows signs of entering a measured bear market that will have enormous impact on markets and economies around the world—particularly in Canada. Because this is such an important topic, it requires two columns.

The biggest bear markets are those that (1) involve the most money and (2) seem the least probable. By that standard, the tech bear (1990 to now) and the Japanese bear (1989 to now) have been the biggest modern bears.

Although most observers figured such a would experience some correction scenario, only the value-oriented managers among us predicted collapse. Similarly, when the real-estate oligopoly of Japanese stocks was the biggest in the world, and when one month of downswings Tokyo real estate was rumored to be worth more than all of California, many people expected a pullback, but no one publicly predicted a bear market that would last more than a decade, driving down the market value of Japanese stocks to one-fifth of U.S. shares.

This record of failure by forecasters should give observers pause now that the other bubble of the 1990s—the American dollar—is beginning to shrink and could, quite reasonably, burst. Virtually all professional forecasters are predicting either a continuation of the dollar bull market or, at worst, a mild correction.

To date, the greenback's slide from its January peak has brought relief to residents of depressed currency countries, including Australia, the Eurozone, and, of course, Canada. (As usual, Japan is the exception to this generalization: for those relying, Japanese leaders have been intervening in the market to drive down the rising yen.) In each case, local politicians and experts have explained their country's rally against the American dollar by pointing to sound local fundamentals.

Yes, those explanations seem to make sense. There are just two problems:

1. Most of those same local politicians and experts have been arguing through the seven years of the dollar's bull market that their country's economic and financial conditions were much sounder than their currencies' pathetic performance against the dollar suggested.

2. There have been no large-scale economic miracles recently in Australia, the Eurozone, Japan or Canada to explain why the currencies have suddenly rallied sharply.

Seneca's Law (the confection of U.S. economist Hersh Senn)

says, "If something cannot go on forever, it will stop." This party-pooper approach is always eventually right, but always agonized. No one knows in advance when the music will stop.

The greenback's great rally began in the spring of 1995, with the euro (as then represented by the Deutsche mark and French franc) trading at US\$1.38, the Aussie-dollar at 72 cents and the loonie at 74 cents, while the trade-weighted U.S. dollar index of all major currencies sat at 82. At the dollar's peak, the euro was underperforming 86 cents, the Aussie was 58 cents, the loonie a mere 62 and the dollar index a dazzling 120 points.

The dollar's peak came at the end of January. What held it up so long was probably the delayed disbursement of suo moto and costs. The economists had decided that when Europeans and other holders of preference currencies handed them in for the new money, all transactions were to be recorded in the appropriate currencies. The economists' scheme to find all the long-hidden boxes of non-deposit money. When people arrived at their bank to swap their lire, franc, Deutsche mark, etc., they would have to caption themselves to the unmet.

Naturally, what they did instead was take their stashed cash to the foreign exchange office and convert it to dollars or Swiss francs, to put back under assistance, floorboards, etc. Those transactions are not reportable for tax purposes.

Once the euro was fully launched and the tax collectors were fully frustrated, the dollar's bear market began. The U.S. blinks about US\$17.1 billion a day abroad on its current account (which is mostly the trade deficit). That money has built up abroad in the form of foreign ownership of U.S. stocks, bonds and dollar deposits (mostly in Euros) and funds deposited in banks outside the U.S.

From 1995 on, global investors stopped wising up about the U.S. current account and poured money into U.S. securities. The U.S. was the fastest-growing major economy and stock market—and by all those silly tech plays—was the best stock market. U.S. shares went from being 24 per cent of world values to 57 per cent during the 1990s, and about a third of that gain came from the rise in the currency itself. Global investors tend to think currency first, stock valuations second. So the U.S. market had everything going for it.

Until...and a few developments, to be discussed next week.

**The greenback shows signs of a downturn that will have enormous impact globally—particularly in Canada**

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**People** Edited by Shanda Depel

## American werewolf in Afghanistan

It's not just the name ("I was 1984, or 494 Apaches weren't hippies, just arghatis") or the passages that read like a comedian's routine (though she did do stand-up for awhile). Spokane native Karen Jo Peacock Coopé, 30, daughter of a reporter for the legendary Ma Moway's Alaska Highway News, the popular novelist has been a frequent Newscaster for over 20 years. In 1994, after a year in journalism for CPB, Peacock began her series of the comic novels featuring PR reporter Robbie Hobson. Now, taking a break from that crusade, Peacock has written *Attack Street*, a very funny take on Wimberley newscasters—it, or other prefer to know, "persons living with kleptomaniac metastatic disease." This winter's *New York*, full of arm dealers, evil corporate executives and serial rapists, makes an ideal locale for readers potentially drawn to fictions of human predators.

Like most outsiders, Peacock has a surface casual consciousness and plans to take a break next year from metaphorically killing villains. In order to learn English and honeculous skills at a girls' school in Afghanistan, Peacock currently awaiting a signed first-edition copy of *Attack Street* to raise money for her school's cause there. "If I do it," she says, "that's a woman I'm going to help send girl go to school in Afghanistan."



## Haven't you heard of prairie soul?

It only takes singer-songwriter Randy Strand a second to identify what he misses most about his hometown of Winnipeg. "I really miss my wife," says Strand, 24, who has as many seconds he can't even fess up to in a song. "I had to rent a leased storage unit for them because they were taking up too much space at my parents' place. I just wish they didn't weigh as much so I could ship them here. I actually started to buy CDs a little while ago."

Strand, who now lives in Toronto, was certainly not your typical Winnipeg manager during the '90s. While most of his peers were rocking out in Garbage, N Sync and Bon Jovi, Strand was location to Marvin Gaye and Sly and the Family Stone. "When I started playing guitar everyone was trying to sound like Jimi Hendrix," says Strand. "I always focused on other guitar heroes, like Eric Clapton and Eddie Van Halen. Winnipeg is a big rock city and doesn't have a scene for soul, so I look refuge in rap/club records."

There was going against the grain paid off. Last year, Strand signed with Universal

Music Canada and U.S. label Moosejaw to distribute his debut album, *The Way I Feel*—which fuses R&B, pop and alternative. Both of the CD's singles, "Take a Message" and "Rocksteady," are in heavy radio rotation. And both countries have taken notice of this hippie-looking guy from Winnipeg with the clawback sound. Strand says being white on the predominantly black Moosejaw label is not an issue. "The only people who are really shocked," he says, "are conservative white people."

Strand, who is married to former Super Junior member Maheo Watson, now turns his attention to his live act. After recently completing a six-week run of concerts in the U.S., he's gearing up for a second European tour before returning to the States this summer to open for Sheryl Crow. "I've recorded as much and spent so much time on it," says Strand, who made *The Way I Feel* by himself in his parents' home, "that I know it's time to focus on my live stuff and have some fun with it." To live up to his Moosejaw predecessors, Strand better get working on his dance moves now.



Strand by Sparkle

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# ALL ABOUT WINNING

**He's got trophies and records and vaults full of money, and he's the most famous jock on Earth. For Tiger Woods, though, that's just 'peripheral stuff.'**

Tiger Woods is off to another blistering start this season. Although the 26-year-old Californiaan plays a decent round, he leads the PGA Tour in earnings (\$583,055,166), he won the Masters on April 1, and he's gearing up for next week's U.S. Open in Farmington, N.Y. Woods, arguably the world's most famous and marketable athlete, uses his Twitter feed well to knock the American Express Tiger Woods credit card—from which he can possess free the annual credit-card fee to capture his charitable foundation. He gave an hour-long exhibition before more than 5,000 fans—excluding Swedish golfer Els' Novak—before a packed driving range, and just before that, we chatted with Michael's Sports Editor James Deneen to discuss his ventures, motivation and future plans.

**Mackie:** Your mother is a Buddhist from Thailand, your father African American and a former Green Bay Packer who fought as Vietnam. Are you the sum of your ethnicity or just calm under pressure?

**Woods:** My parents have made a tremendous impact on me in my development both as a person and a golfer beyond that, I think a lot of it learning from my own mistakes and learning from my successes and then applying it. Anyone who's ever played competitive golf knows you're going to lose a heck of a lot more often than you're going to win, and you have lessons from your mistakes. So I think I have done a pretty good job of learning from my mistakes. Also, when I have won, I've tried to figure out what I did so well, whether it was preparation or what I did in the moment. You analyze it, pick it apart, and then move on to it.

**Mackie:** You have also acquired off-course skills to handle ownership responsibilities and media demands.

**Woods:** As a junior and an amateur golfer, you never think about any of that. You're

just focused on being the best you can possibly be. You don't understand the corporate stuff because you never see it. But when you turn pro, it's a whole different world. It's a business, with different obligations that you have to fulfill, and it took me awhile to understand that and learn how to balance my time. Once I did, I felt a lot more comfortable in my life.

**Mackie:** You remain close with old friends, but has celebrity and wealth made it difficult for you to establish new relationships?

**Woods:** Not necessarily. I still have my closest friends who I've known for a long time, but I also have friends who I would have never had if not been in golf and done what I've done. So it's a nice balance.

**Mackie:** You have already set several milestones—most notably, winning four straight major professional championships. And you earn more than \$50 million U.S. annually from endorsements and sponsorships. So when will you stop?

**Woods:** When I first turned pro, that was the only time I ever worried about the money, because I wanted to win enough to keep my [NCAA] card for the following year. But I kept telling myself that the money would come if I played well on the golf course, and that I'd get my card for 1997. I was able to win twice in that short time in the fall, and from then on it's been about nothing else than winning tournaments. That's all I've ever been about—I love winning tournaments. All the other peripheral stuff will come if you just win.

**Mackie:** Do you see yourself playing as long as Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer?

**Woods:** I just like life on this side of the grass at this age. [He laughs.] I'd be great. To live and play golf as long as they have, and to be competitive at it, that's

remendous. I only know what's taken to do what I've done in a relatively short amount of time. But what they've done for their whole careers, their whole lives, is unbelievable. I mean, Arnold's been playing on Tour for 50 years.

**Mackie:** You remain close with old friends, but has celebrity and wealth made it difficult for you to establish new relationships?

**Woods:** I think I've kinda headed toward something like that, not just to building a company but to getting involved in other ventures. It's not just to supplement the income. It's to do something you like to do, to do something creative, something different. Golf is a pretty tough daily routine after awhile, and it's nice to be able to get away from it and do something else that's also challenging.

**Mackie:** Your father Earl has set high standards for what you might achieve away from golf, over saying "We have more than any other man in history to change the course of humanity." Do you have great goals away from the sport?

**Woods:** For my foundation, yes, but that's about it. I'd like to see the foundation go global in scope.

**Mackie:** Superstar athletes are often criticized for not lending more public support to political and social causes. Do you see yourself getting more involved?

**Woods:** I'm not an extremist, but when I get committed to something, I go ahead and do it. Right now, I'm committed to my foundation, to getting kids more involved in golf but in life, and to giving them a chance. That's what my foundation is trying to provide, and I've really dedicated myself to doing that. It's taking a lot of time and effort by all the people involved



I think people just want someone to side with them, but that's not what I'm about. I have my own focus and my own goals.'

members and staff, but I think we are headed in the right direction, and quickly

**Mackie:** You have always referred to yourself as being of mixed race. Has your focus from some in the black community for us

goals. These people have things they care about and I think that's great. But I can't do everything, and that's something people ought to be able to understand and respect. I guess some people have trouble grasping that.



For the eighth straight year, Canadian teams will sit out the Stanley Cup final

## What Olympic effect?

Games participation paid off for Cup contenders

BY JAMES DRAKE

With a couple of Olympic gold medals for hockey already in hand, maybe it was too much to hope that a Canadian team would make it into a Stanley Cup final. How much success can one self-effacing nation stand? Besides, the men and women who conquered Salt Lake City back in February really were Canada's team, whereas the Toronto Maple Leafs, while enormously popular, didn't have unanimous national support on their bid for Lord Stanley's silver bowl. And the edge-of-your-seat, open-the-mysteries of the Olympics was the style champion over the dog-the-national-zone notion that slowed the Eastern Conference playoffs to a crawl. So, for fans, if it had to be at the other—the Olympics or the NHL playoffs—gold beats silver every time.

There is still some sadness around the country that the Carolina Hurricanes, and not the Leafs, are playing Detroit in the Cup final this week. Never mind the guy driving around Toronto the other day with "Gold Leaf Gold!" spray-painted on his rear window; how cruel is that! The boy in blue, with their brooks, benders and snakes, their hard-working minor-league call-ups and never-say-die grittiness, were just too cool for And that's that ragging for short, economically, it's only going to get harder.

On another level, league officials wonder if the Games are worth the trouble. They got hammered from all sides in Salt Lake City, though they didn't pre-qualify for the eight-timer second round of Olympic

glory gripped about the NHL not releasing their players in time for first-round action. And players on top-eight teams complained about not having enough time to prepare because they were released from NHL play only one day before the tournament began. The high-profile Canada-U.S. finale recorded some kudos in the pressroom, but sources say the league is still only 50-50 on the subject of Team. And if it says so to 2006, the NHL knows it has no hope of being welcomed back in 2010, even if Vancouver and Whistler win the bid.

If they do walk away from the Games, little goesuns can't blame the so-called Olympic office. Yet, some players came home with injuries, but longer ones show there were fewer of those than after Nagano in 1998. And it's not like players were too tired to perform for their clubs when they arrived. Detroit (10), Toronto (8) and Colorado (7) sent more players to Salt Lake than any other NHL team, and all three made it into the Stanley Cup semifinals. And there was little sign of Olympic fatigue in the riveting Western Conference final between Denver and Colorado.

All of this may be true. The NHL and its players have to renegotiate the collective bargaining agreement that expires in 2004, which could precipitate a long and nasty strike or lockout. Before that calamity occurs, the league plans to stage an eight-men World Cup in August and September of 2004. It will be international hockey, but it'll be on NHL-sized rinks and it's likely no gear chard in European or North American players or fans. The Olympic tournament has become hockey's one true world championship, and old it's a terrible loss if the eight-times second round of Olympic

## Getting off the needle

A new treatment is changing diabetics' lives

BY BRIAN BERKMAN

**A**t the age of 74, Robert Tolksy was diagnosed with type 1 diabetes (better known as juvenile diabetes), a condition which normally comes with an insatiable life sentence of insulin therapy. For nearly four decades, Tolksy's days and nights revolved around regularly testing his blood-sugar levels and injecting insulin. The 55-year-old Edmonton lawyer reckons he gave himself more than 40,000 injections, while carefully monitoring what he ate and never missing a meal in an attempt to keep his blood-sugar levels stable. For Tolksy, the challenge always was to live as normal a life as possible. "Diabetes management," he says, "is having a bunch of different balls in the air and trying to keep them there, 24 hours a day seven days a week, 365 days a year. You always know that, at some point, the balls can come crashing down."

Tolksy's own juggling act began in failure in the mid-1990s. Like many long-term diabetics, he had become hypoglycemic insensitive, meaning he was often unaware when his blood-sugar levels decreased. As a result, he would pass out, sometimes when running with clients, sometimes in his sleep. Tolksy struggled for nearly five years before becoming part of a groundbreaking medical research program at the University of Alberta. In 1999, he was one of seven severe diabetics to undergo a trial procedure known as the Edmonton Protocol. Doctors injected insulin-secreting cells, known as *islets* of Langerhans, from donated human pancreases into the patients through the portal vein leading to the liver. The results were spectacular. All the recipients were able to give up insulin injections. And all were freed from the wild blood-sugar

swings and temporary comas that had threatened their livelihoods—in some cases their lives.

The Edmonton Protocol caused an international stir when the *New England Journal of Medicine* documented the research results in June, 2000. Islet cell transplants had been performed at medical centers around the world for years, but with dismal results. Of nearly 300 transplants done in the 1990s, only eight per cent of the patients remained free of insulin for more than a year. No surprise, then, that Edmonton's success was seen as a major breakthrough. In Washington, then-president Bill Clinton announced funding to help replicate the Edmonton results at 10 centres throughout North America and Europe. A further boost came last fall when the New York-based Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation committed \$34 million to the cause.

Overshadowing the international trials is James Shapiro, a 49-year-old surgeon who is also director of the clinical islet transplant program at the University of Alberta. Shapiro says 124 transplants have been conducted so far, 36 of them in Edmonton—where about 85 per cent of the patients remained insulin-free for a year or more after the transplant. Another 75 centres are gearing up to implement the procedure independently. There is a long way to go before the treatment can be applied to the estimated five million who suffer from juvenile diabetes worldwide. (Another 145 million have type 2, or adult-onset diabetes, which does not usually require insulin injection.) Still, Shapiro believes the Edmonton Protocol, and related research, are "providing robust hope that we will, one day, find a cure for diabetes."

So how did the Edmonton team succeed where so many before them failed? Shapiro says it began with a careful review of the record. They found that a majority of the earlier islet transplants involved patients who had already undergone a kidney transplant after suffering kidney failure, a common long-term side effect of type 1 diabetes. To prevent rejection of the new kidney, patients received high doses of steroids and cyclosporine—drugs which, when combined, can easily infect diabetics. Through his own research, Shapiro came up with a new "cocktail" of four anti-rejection drugs. He then set about writing what became the Edmonton Protocol.

To start with, islet transplants would not be done on patients who had prior



Tolksy no longer has to constantly monitor his blood sugar and take his insulin shots



## PROMPTING NEW CELLS TO PRODUCE INSULIN

The Edmonton Protocol has sparked a flurry of research worldwide. Much of it aimed at providing alternative sources of the insulin-secreting cells needed to cure juvenile diabetes. One of the more promising discoveries, documented in the May issue of the U.S. medical journal *Diabetes*, is the result of research originally started at the University of Calgary and St. George's University in Japan. It began with the understanding that pancreatic cells, which normally produce insulin, and intestinal cells, which digest, share a common origin in the embryo. The question: could an intestinal cell be tricked into transforming like a pancreatic cell? The answer: yes, at least judging by experiments conducted in rats.

The scientists (originally reporting the inno-



ventions) say it is possible to tell when these rat-based research projects will prove the way for widespread islet transplants. But he delights in the progress already made. "It's taking to the people who have gone through this procedure you see how it has transformed their lives," says Shapiro. "That is very moving and very gratifying."

Patients like Teskey are also grateful. Dispensing with insulin shots is a relief, he says, but more significant is being rid of the extreme low-blood-sugar episodes they "leave you feeling like you've been assaulted," and it sometimes took him days to recover. Most of all, Teskey is thankful for getting a crack at a normal life. "It feels," he says, "like nothing less than a miracle."

B.B.

New approaches, says Shapiro, offer 'real hope' of a cure for diabetes

kidney transplants. Instead, patients were selected who experienced severe ongoing or blood-sugar levels that can put them at risk of kidney failure, blindness or even death. Secondly, it was determined that as many islet cells as possible should be transplanted in each case—and the procedure must commence as soon as possible after a donor pancreas became available. In this regard, Shapiro was greatly assisted by Jonathan Lakin, director of the University of Alberta's islet isolation laboratory, who has perfected methods for extracting and purifying islet cells from donated organs.

The islet transplant procedure requires no surgery and can take as little as 30 minutes to complete. A needle containing the islet cells is placed through the right side of the abdomen and using X-ray technology is guided into the liver's portal vein. Most patients are able to leave the hospital within 24 hours of the cells being injected.

The major obstacle to implementing the Edmonton Protocol on a broad scale is the lack of cadaver pancreases. Fewer than 800 of the organs were donated in Canada last year, while more than 12,000 patients were selected to Shapiro's program as potential candidates. Increase research is underway at several centers to alternative sources of insulin-secreting cells. These include the possible use of cells from live donors, extracting adult stem cells and growing them in the laboratory into new islet cells, or finding ways of inducing other cells, such as those in the intestine, into producing insulin.

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Nielsen says battle provides great stories

# Tales of northern warriors

A producer fascinated by Canada at war turns his lens on the Korean conflict

BY SUE FERGUSON

**R**ichard Nielsen is no stranger to cause. It has dragged the name of Peter Lougheed, N.B., through what he refers to as his "checkered" career. As a 16-year-old subwarrior in Hamilton, Ont., he took part in a groundbreaking, ill-fated illegal strike at Stelco. (Turning to journalists soon after, he was fired for a scoop about dishonest mine inspectors in Kirkland Lake. One mining domineered the north economy.) Then, as an organizer for the Canadian Brotherhood of Shipway, Transport and General Workers—the job he held before becoming a program organizer (and eventually an executive producer) at

the CBC in 1961—Nielsen helped drive out of the country Hal Banks, the Armenian union boss impaled by the Liberal government in 1949 to rid workplaces of Communist agitators.

It's no surprise, then, that during his 30-plus CBC years as an independent television producer and supervisor, he has drawn on those experiences creatively. Both Banks and the Stelco strike figure among his lengthy list of drama and documentary credits. But the conflict the Toronto filmmaker keeps returning to is one he has no personal experience of: war. Beginning with *Billy Bishop Goes to War* in 1982, Nielsen has chronicled one documentary after another chronicling

Canada's military history. Following his more recent, critically acclaimed series on the world wars, *War From Home And No Prior Joe Hogg*, there is some credibility to his joke, "I practically own Remembrance Day." And his latest creation, *Ties of War: Canada vs Korea* (airing June 6, 9 p.m., on History Television), continues the tradition, throwing light on a less familiar chapter of the country's warlike experiences.

What draws Nielsen, 74, to war is not so much a fascination with military conflict itself as with the fodder it provides for storytelling. "I've found to enjoy weird stories," which, because they involve "sacrifice whose integrity is proven by action," he says.



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## Television

hold tremendous dramatic potential. It is his intent in portraying those incidents through the thoughts and feelings of ordinary Canadians that makes Nielsen's work so compelling. Using reports, remembrances and letters written to and by soldiers at the front, he has created at Toronto Northern Productions form an intimacy between the viewer and the "first" subjects that eludes many documentaries.

The portrait Nielsen draws in *First of All* of the 26,791 men, most of them Second World War veterans, who volunteered for the early-1950s Korean conflict is no exaggeration. Moving scenes—such as those about Canadian troops discovering a unit of American GIs killed in their sleep, and a Canadian battalion adopting a seven-year-old male Korean refugee—effortlessly humanize a war that many today believe was fought without this country's involvement. The film also develops a case for the critical contribution Canadians made in key battles. At Kapyong, for instance, after witnessing the retreat of first the South Korean army, and then the American battalions, and vastly outnumbered by an advancing Chinese army, Canadian troops under the command of Col. Jim Stone dug in and held their ground. The Chinese were never able to penetrate farther south. This stand earned the Second Battalion Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry a U.S. Presidential Distinguished Unit Citation; the first and only such honour awarded to a Canadian unit.

Bert Nielsen isn't simply a cheerleader for the home team. Although he doesn't question the premises of the Korean conflict, or site of prime minister Louis St. Laurent was justified in following the lead of the U.S. in supporting president Syngman Rhee's corrupt South Korean regime (Nielsen believes he was), he does raise some disturbing questions about the way the war was fought, and the cost of those back home. In a sense that recalls recent events in Afghanistan, viewers learn about squadron leader Andy MacKenzie, who spent two years in a POW camp after being shot down, as he later learns, by an American. Fearing the effect such news would have on the war effort, his Canadian superior ordered MacKenzie to "keep it all whole tight."

Keeping the public ignorant about what is really going on, says Nielsen, is typical in wartime. "War gives people an excuse to lie," Nielsen also argues in the film that

the Canadian contribution has never been properly commemorated. The civilian back home showed little interest in the Korean conflict, paying scarce attention to the returning soldiers and the 529 who died on and off the battlefield. Moreover, until 1991, the federal government denied the CPCLI veterans the right to wear the medals they had been awarded, and it has never officially recognized the Wall of Remembrance that veterans erected in 1997 in Brantford, Ont. (Nielsen's explanation:

According to the United Nations Security Council, which mentioned it, the Korean conflict was not a war but a "police action"—a status that the filmmaker characterizes as "Bacon."

As for the public's apparent lack of in-

**The reason vets talk so little about war is they're ashamed of how exciting they found it'**



Cadets in Korea, October, 1953

terest in Canadian military achievement, he suggests another reason: "We're determined not to lose greatness think upon us, particularly in an art that is morally ambiguous, like war." Uncomfortable with the notion that Canadians are, in fact, accomplished warriors, we stick instead to the national conceit that we are, in our most essential aspect, peacekeepers. "Nielsen notes. "Not only was the country at war for 13 out of 29 years in the early part of the last century, but, called to arms, Canadians are virtually alone in volunteering in large numbers. Nielsen starts off a hour of statistics he came up with in his research: 70,000 Canadians signed up to fight in the American Civil War, next is the French, we boasted the largest per capita foreign presence in the Spanish Civil War twice as many Canadians per capita served in Berlin in 1948 than Americans, and we sent more volunteers than any other country

to Vietnam. Canadians, particularly the young men among us, says Nielsen, (who was one month short of graduating as the navy when the Second World War ended) in August, 1945 "weren't war. There is a hunger to prove something."

And once Canadians take up arms, he continues, they often enjoy it. "The reason vets talk so little about war is because they're ashamed of how exciting they found it," Nielsen has a mind ram like Ernie Glover of Niagara Falls, Ont., who, at 29, was a war fighter pilot in Korea. "Adrenaline flows very quickly and the heart is pumping a role a racecar," recalls Glover in *First of All*. "If you get a strike, you feel like walking on water. You want to talk, talk, talk. You're laughing, joking, really high."

Korea, argues Nielsen, marks a watershed in Canadian military history because as Canada deployed seasoned veterans who saw themselves as resisting yet another incarnation of evil—Communism—Korea can be seen as a sort of cold to the Second World War. But he says the Asian conflict also represents a departure from the past in Canada, without explicitly acknowledging as much, "leapt out of the British empire and into the American"—thereby laying the ground for "a conception of war." Led by a superpower whose weapons and aircraft are vastly superior to those of its foes, Nielsen says, "modern war is obscene." In both the 1991 Persian Gulf War and the ongoing conflict in Afghanistan—the two wars since Korea in which Canadian troops have participated—the U.S. and its allies sweep down and dominate while villages without resistance fall to their own troops. "Our vision is of a knight fighting another knight. We don't receive much thanks for singlehandedly beat up people on the ground."

Such views may not be popular with the army and navy officers who advise Nielsen on his military films, but the generalists don't worry about upstaging their rated days. "Old age," he says, quoting Bette Davis, "is not for stories," adding, "you learn to overcome your fears." For a man who has courted conflict both personally and professionally—and who, with a book and three films in the works, is showing no signs of battle fatigue—that is good news indeed. ■

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# Desolation row

**At Cannes this year, there was beauty in the ruins**

There's an unforgettable image in Roman Polanski's *The Pianist*, which won the Palme d'Or at the recent Cannes Film Festival. Ajar curtains of fading rain from the Nazis in Warsaw, scrabbling through bombed-out buildings like a scolded cat, the movie's emotional heart emerges from the rubble to

look out at what was once a street in the Jewish ghetto. Stretching as far as the eye can see is a desolated cityscape of silent, rain-soaked streets, not a soul in sight. In a paroxysm of harrowing beauty, And you couldn't look at it without an aching heart, the world's troubles were just a short away—and larger than life. In *Cahier*, Moore again accounts in an

American bank that, incredibly, often a free gift to new customers. In *Darje*, Amine, a Palestinian guerrilla dies with the magical powers of a *Crocodile Dundee* sorceress, deflecting a hail of Israeli gunfire into a *Jafza*, a crown of bullets.

Each May Cannes launches the new year in world cinema, often presenting films that challenge Hollywood at the Oscars—*From Life & Death to Media Rage*. This year there wasn't one obvious breakout hit. But among the 22 movies in official competition, the quality was unusually high, and the content arresting. Whether by co-

incident or design, a theme emerged. It comes down to the image of a man alone and bewildered in a ruined landscape a random victim of calamity.

In *The Pianist*—based on the notorious ordeal of Polish Holocaust survivor Wladyslaw Szpilman—it was a man missing sound from history. In *Syriana*, from Canadian David Cronenberg, it was a schizophrenic (Ralph Fiennes) trapped in the name of his own mind. And in a fiasco that died on Flora about memory, the most universally loved was *The Men Who Stare at Goats*, the wacky deadpan tale of an armament in a clandestine world by British director Alan Parker.

In a similar vein, two popular U.S. entries, Paul Thomas Anderson's *There Will Be Blood* and Alexander Payne's *About Schmidt*, featured men who lose their bearings in the shabby bureaus of Middle America. And both revealed Hollywood was in a new light. While Anderson imposed the empire underside of Adrian Sandler, Payne delivered a more nuanced Jack Nicholson than we've ever seen—a fine antidote for anyone who felt possessed by his antics in *An Good as it Gets*.

Most critics expected Nicholson to win the best-actor prize. But the jury gave it to

the jury. But at the 1999 festival, Cronenberg's jury shot out *Lynch's* *The Straight Story*. Now he knows how it feels.

The only Consider to win an Oscar this year was *Jose Revueltas*, whose aztec-novel epic, *The Story of Ferdinand*—a scenario of medieval brain surgery—received a runner-up prize in the short-film program. And Master's Canadian-produced *Blowing in the Wind* was honored with a special 55th anniversary award. Atom Egoyan, meanwhile, premiered *As You Are*—a companion to *The Sweet Hereafter*—about judging Armenian genocide to the whiners of a jury but the competition has a way of focusing debate in Cannes, and *As You Are* was sufficiently talked about in handbags, as a shamed Egoyan didn't go head-to-head with Polanski. Taking opposite approaches to the art of acknowledging genocide—contemporary disorientation versus period melodrama—*As You Are* and *The Pianist* end up in comparison.

Indeed, the media can thank Egoyan for Jack Nicholson's appearance in *Carnes*. His movie, *About Schmidt*, was originally set to premiere at the Toronto International Film Festival in September. After Egoyan pulled *As You Are* out of competition, *Schmidt* was given the vacation slot in the last



Buddy (The Pianist), Choi (Ghoulsville) and Sulaiman (Divine Intervention) are in tales of a dangerous world and destructive humans.

minute. After seeing Nicholson play a tired old man in *Schmidt*, an insurance actuary at the end of his days, it was a satisfying to see the actor in the flesh—looking positively frisky, with a beard that gave him the air of a graciously aging bohemian. It seems every director Nicholson works with lets him do something different. "They're always saying, 'Don't give me Jack,'" he drawled. "But nobody knows the real Jack." Payne, best known for the sharp satire of *Ernest & Celeste* (1998), "asked me to play a small man," and Nicholson said, "He's a reasonable man to watch. He's a

little

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## Film

far. He hates his wife. He's a middle-aged man. This is the lean-vine performance I've ever seen."

Nicholson called *Sofas* "the story of a life unconvincing," a life of "quiet desperation," which could also describe *Pain-Drunk Love*. Set in the strip-mall wasteland of Los Angeles, it stars Sandler as a lonely nerd who sells used plagues from a warehouse, traps mosquitoes in tissue paddings to collect art miles, dies full in love with a frequent flier (Emily Watson) while running afoul of a vicious phone-sex pimp/mutant salesman (Philip Seymour Hoffman).

This is an American movie that wants to be French, imbuing the eye with visual sex and pop puns worthy of *The Umbrella of Cherbourg*. After *Bogie Nights* and *Magnolia*, Anderson is still more adept at irony than enchantment.



Dalton and Peckinpah partners in an unlikely love match in *The Man Without a Past*

But with the dourdest casting of a Hollywood franchise as an art film, he bridges the two solitudes of world cinema. And the jury rewarded his chutzpah with half the best-director prize—along with South Korea's Im Kwon-Tak for *Chungking Express* (*Once Upon a Time and Then*).

Chungking will the thundersnow army of straggle parents ("Oh-wow," Jiang Seung-Up (Cheol-Jin-Sik), a legend in 19th-century Korea). There's nothing to compare to watching someone paint an artwork, and that is an active picture of revolving breakdancers, bimbos and thunks and

flower-petal drifts. The art alternates with gregous landscape shots, which tend to be more abstract than the paintings. And in between is a tormented artist tormented on bottle and cheeses, who likes to destroy his work while it's still fresh.

If only had how French-Argentine director Gaspar Noé had done this with *Irreversible*. It was the festival's designation as such, a spectacle of rape and revenge that made me realize I'd rather watch a tortured artist any day than be cornered by one. *Irreversible* runs backwards, like Méliès, with the stories unfolding in reverse chronological order. The first half hour is a vision of pure hell, shot with a parochializing camera designed to induce vertigo. It begins with the classic, a brutal act of revenge in a gay-chic dungeon called The Rocam, then works its way back to a mummified, uncircumcised scene of a woman being tortured in a Paris underworld. If you make it through that, the rest is a bizarre

era, meanwhile, can be unapologetic to a fault. With *All or Nothing* and *Sister Schubie*, Milla Jovovich and Ken Loach mixed a well-worn mix of working-class angst. Both films are expertly crafted, with pitch-perfect acting—especially by Steven Strammi's Maria Campone, who plays a teenage drug dealer trying to sell enough heroin to buy her mother a nice house for when she gets out of jail. But these mean mamas always go one way and the carnivorous sense of despair can be as oppressive as English weather!

One director who managed to infuse the bleak landscape of the underworld with distinct uplift was Katsujiro Matsukaze. Like the Coen brothers' *Jiro Dreams*, he mixes every scene with an aphoristic irony. But his characters are more grounded, and unaffected by cynicism. *The Man Without a Past* is the simple tale of an amnesiac (Makoto Pohjola) who scrapes together a new life, finding shelter in a ruined freight container, and romance with a Sally Ann worker (Oscarlee). Without sentiment, Matsukaze paints a vision of dignified indignity. And employing a palette reminiscent of vintage Technicolor, he achieves an unselfish beauty.

Later in the festival, those colors popped up again, in a digital projection of a restored *Signs of Life*. The quality was stunning, and for those who find the digital image will be the death of cinema, assuring. Earlier in the week, the evil emperor himself, George Lucas, was in Cannes, defending digital technology. But clearly in two ways: You can use it to make *Star Wars*, or *Akira*. Katsujiro's *Tre*—in the fest's most unrefined drama, fluid video cameras in a moving car capture a series of candid conversations between Iranian women, whose concerns were closer to those of *Woman*—weren't they right?

En la noche Canaria han muerto, I ran into a Canadian reporter on the phone who was flying off to cover a war in Sierra Leone. As we compared our assignments and our whereabouts, I felt sheepish about bearing the loadshare of a film forced on the French Riviera. But at a time when the big screen has never seemed more trivial—in a season of blockbuster sequels to *Star Wars* and *Men in Black*—at least in Cannes you could convince yourself, however briefly, that movies still matter.

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## Entertainment Notes



### AN ACTOR IN DANGEROUS TIMES

**Ben Affleck thought he was in a thriller, not something reminiscent of real life**

*Ben Affleck has a curious problem for a Hollywood star: The new action-adventure movie he stars in—*The Sum of All Fears*, with a plot centering on terrorism, reading a nuclear bomb and dropping it on an American soil—may be too close to real life in the wake of recent warnings from Washington of the possibility of terror attacks. In *Tomorrow Is Promised*, the movie, which is based on a Tom Clancy novel, a relaxed and reflective Affleck, 29, discusses that controversy and other issues with *Macbeth's* writer Shonda Rhimes.*

*Macbeth:* *The movie comes as I'm suffering from a performance crisis.*

*about playing a character that I'd grown up watching in movies. Clancy's political chaffers are fun and escapist, and that's what I thought I was doing. I didn't think I was doing a drama, which is sort of what it named me: that's a little bit jarring and disconcerting. I thought the question I'd be addressing would mostly be about acting.*





## Home from away

**A**nytime soon, the first patriotic sightings will begin. You know them: the annual gars at Halifax International Airport, seniors fried green beans abuzz the West Coast red-eye, blood drained from their faces from the harrowing, fog-shrouded landing. Sometimes you spot them walking like an Irving Big Shop, heading east somewhere on the TCH (Trans-Canada Highway), far the uninvited. They're easy to spot: the car with the kids plastered to the back seat, the essential spouse—who hasn't mastered a word since Rivotri-de-Loup—wondering what the heck's wrong with a nice cottage on a lake in the Canadian Shield. It's the other adults with the goofy, benevolent grin to avoid, the ones who stare at you with an expectant look, ready for the digressive flavor of recognition. "Youfolks had," they bellow if you make even an eyewink in their direction. "Joy-ya, I thought it was you."

Don't assume that they've never left eyes on you before. They've got several weeks off from the breakups house in Vancouver, the office on Parliament Hill, the state plant in Windsor. For a displaced Atlantic Canadian, there's only one thing to do: pack the family into the minivan, locking and screaming, and join the wagon train heading back east. If the latest census figures are to be believed, this year's exodus should be one of the longest in history. More young, ambitious Mainlanders than ever are exiting dying outposts and villages for opportunity elsewhere. Come June, they feel an almost premonitory itch to head for where every place and face has familiarity and meaning.

They arrive missing like juries for lobster and "Black Ale" (Newfoundland's Black Horse beer, for the uninitiated), posing for ocean water shots for any worn-blooded animal. The delusion takes many forms. In Alasdair MacLeod's wistful novel *We Four MacLeods*, an elderly Cape Bretoner with no shortage of testosterone stains in, shall we say, a manly-sounding whatever he utters to his beloved island after a writer working in the woods. Newfie: an image to hold onto as you consider thousands of honest, Mainlanders gazing their engines towards the New Brunswick border. MacLeod, who spends his summers writing in an abandoned cabin in Cape Breton once his teaching days are at the University of Windsor, knows about the drive Mainlanders feel for their



birthplace. It's a complicated question: the tribal homeland where all the best memories of youth reside? Or just a sunning, swallow-laced, good-time oasis?

Whatever the answer, it leaves them wandering heartbroken through big cities and small towns far from the Atlantic Ocean. It can be a sad thing to go looking for solace in a Great Big Sea concert. Or to find yourself at a party dancing on about Down East like King Arthur retelling about Camelot. I've walked in those lonely knapsacks. So I've prepared when they arrive on their pilgrimages desperate to reacquaint. I, too, recall burning the candle at both ends on trips back to Nova Scotia, trying to see everything and everybody in one short time.

Sooner or later, my wife and I would inevitably go cottage-hunting. It was a merrimentless act, given our bank accounts—the owners would have had to pay us to take the most federal hand off their hands.

That didn't stop us from jumping in the car and just driving. Nothing scientific—we'd need around little out-of-the-way places, eyes peeled for For Sale signs. If we found one, we'd peer in the windows, maybe talk to the neighbours and jot down the telephone number. When we got back to Calgary or Toronto, I'd find these scraps of paper in my wallet. Then throw them out. The rental market isn't better; I just needed the idea of Nova Scotia—and there, waiting for me in case everything else fell to pieces. That's why I made the annual journey—so we that it and all it symbolized were intact.

Why not? It's human nature in modern times to want to anchor yourself to the earth somewhere. Don't take my word for it: go to a homecoming in Newfoundland's Codroy Valley, or a clambake gathering along New Brunswick's Minimata River. Ask my friend, a Halifax newspaperman living in Toronto for the past few years. He'll return any day now for his visit. He's planning to see friends, hit the beach, play golf. He wants to look at real estate while he's around. That's funny, coming from someone who considers buying anything more than a toothbrush an act of outrageous materialism. But if it costs him to spend the rest of the year paying \$1,500 every month for a bushel with garbage trade rambling outside the window, who am I to argue? Twelve months is a long time. Sure, I'll be hearing all about it.

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